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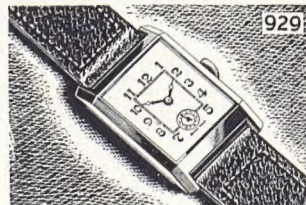
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Bertram Park

Lady Newtown-Butler: A Member of the A.T.A.

Lady Newtown-Butler is the daughter of Sir Lindsay Everard (M.P. for Melton Mowbray) and Lady Everard, of Ratcliffe Hall, Leicestershire. In 1939 she married Captain Lord Newtown-Butler, 27th Lancers, the elder son and heir of the Earl of Lanesborough. Before the war both Lord and Lady Newtown-Butler were well-known followers of the Quorn. They have one child, a daughter, Georgina Ione, born in 1941. Lady Newtown-Butler is a member of the Air Transport Auxiliary Service, which, under the command of Commandant Pauline Gower, has rendered such valuable service to the country since the outbreak of war



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Bluff

THERE was a time when a meeting between Hitler and Mussolini was an event of importance. In all parts of the world there were people anxious to know why they had met and what they had discussed. By his propaganda Goebbels was able to produce headlines in all the capitals; and there was the usual boast about Axis solidarity. Usually these meetings did portend action. But things have changed since those days. The latest meeting in Northern Italy, where Hitler flew by aeroplane to see Mussolini, had none of the mystery and sinister possibilities of former days.

We can safely assume what Hitler and Mussolini talked about. It is conceivable that on this occasion Mussolini talked more than Hitler. For him the situation is more immediately critical than it is for Hitler, although, as far as I can see, there's not much more than a hair's breadth in it. Obviously one or the other demanded the meeting to discuss how best to extricate themselves. The purpose of the meeting may also have been the necessity of demonstrating the unity of the Axis. In other words, an attempt to stage-manage a show of solidarity for the benefit of the rest of the world, but more to impress the peoples of Germany and Italy. After the meeting, however, the official communique did not boast of continued Axis solidarity, nor did it mention that the Fuehrer and the Duce were in agreement. I wonder if Mussolini will ever meet Hitler again.

Finale

THERE are many people afraid of indulging in wishful thinking. It is a fear which afflicts at this moment some of the highest

and best informed in the land. But I don't consider it wishful thinking to visualise the end of Italy's resistance and her withdrawal from the war. All the facts, when they are examined dispassionately, point to this happening very soon. Hitler cannot afford to defend the coast line of Italy, nor can he defend the skies above Italy. The failure of the Axis High Command to stem the Allied advance and occupation of Sicily is the most significant of all facts. The Italians are tired of fighting, and even were they keen to defend their fatherland, it is quite clear that Mussolini does not possess the modern weapons to enable them to do so. Hitler cannot supply Mussolini's needs, and soon the Italians will say to themselves: "What is the good of trying to meet overwhelming odds?" The occupation of Sicily is a mortal blow to the Axis. The withdrawal of Italy from the war will be the beginning of Hitler's end. In Hungary the war is becoming increasingly unpopular, and anti-war demonstrations are becoming more frequent. Hungary has usually followed the lead given by Italy. If these things happen, as I think they will, where then will be Hitler's Axis Empire?

Bombs

THE bombing of Rome was a significant event in this war of surprises. I doubt whether many people expected it to happen. I didn't. But I welcome the determination which it demonstrates on the part of the Allied commanders in the Mediterranean and their Governments. The way in which the people of Rome were warned of the possibility and the peoples of the world were told that the Axis might try to fake damage to cultural monuments showed how much we have learned in warring with the Axis, and how

confident are those who direct our strategy. Apart from this, the raid on Rome was symbolic. There are not many vital targets in the city, except the marshalling yards. But the effect on the people of Italy must have been salutary. I doubt whether it could affect their morale, for that has disappeared. It must, however, have roused renewed anxieties, and if there are any patriotic Italians we should soon be hearing from them.

Amgot

THE appointment of Major-General Lord Rennell of Rodd as head of the Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory—Amgot—is a good one. He has had plenty of experience in this war of administering countries which we have occupied in the Middle East and Africa. But his qualifications to remove Fascism from Sicily, and, we assume, eventually from Italy, are even more convincing. His father was ambassador in

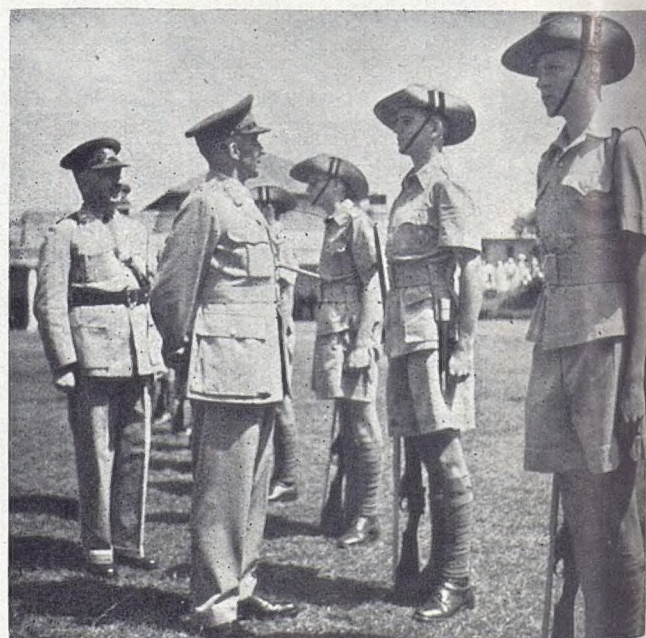


A Chinese Presentation

The British Ambassador to China, Sir Horace Seymour, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., was presented with a Chinese mason's trowel by Dr. Robert Lim at the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the north wing of a new training hospital at Kweiyang last month.



A.O.C.-in-C. India Tours the Bengal Command
Air Chief Marshal Sir Richard E. C. Peirse, K.C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C., the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, India, who has recently returned to his command following talks in London and Washington, is seen on a tour of R.A.F. units in Bengal. His guard of honour is comprised of men of the R.A.F. Regiment



East Africa G.O.C.-in-C. at Kabete School
Lt. Gen. Sir Wm. Platt, K.C.B., D.S.O., G.O.C.-in-C. East Africa Command since 1941, paid a visit to the Prince of Wales School, Kabete, on Empire Day. He took the salute and afterwards inspected the band and guard of honour which welcomed him. General Platt is a former A.D.C. to the King



General Giraud Inspects the Fighting French in London

Soon after his arrival in this country last week, following talks in Washington, General Giraud inspected units of the Fighting French Forces in London. He is making a short official visit in his capacity as C.-in-C. of the French Army in Africa as the guest of the British Government.



U.S. Secretary of War, Mr. Henry Stimson, in Britain

Mr. Henry Stimson, who recently arrived in Britain, has been making a tour of American Air Force establishments in this country. He is seen (centre) with Lt.-Gen. Jacob Devers and Major-Gen. Ira Eaker, the Commanding Officer of the 8th Air Force, examining the photographic record of a raid by U.S. bombers.

Rome for eleven years, from 1908-1919. This gives the present Lord Rennell unequalled knowledge of the problems and personalities of Italy, as well as the aspirations of her people, for even after his father had ceased to be ambassador, the family continued its connection with Italy. They had business interests there.

Pincers

GENERAL DITTMAR has told the German people that the battles in Sicily and on the Eastern Front are closely interwoven. He believes that the Allies have planned, and are trying to effect, a giant pincer move. Dittmar may be right, but the pincers may not close where he seems to expect. In any case, the Russians are not using pincers but sledgehammers. They have severely mauled Hitler's soldiers, and they have certainly smashed his dreams of a summer offensive. Once again we have seen the Russian instinct for timing. They allowed Hitler to battle away with heavy losses in the Orel sector and just as the Germans were beginning to weary and showed signs of wishing to disengage, the Russians struck. They struck with such intensity that the full results cannot yet be perceived. This means that Hitler wouldn't have anything to boast about when he met Mussolini.

No man, excepting Napoleon, ever made such a military blunder as Hitler. The flower of German youth has been squandered on the Russian steppes to fulfil a vain ambition of a former corporal, who insisted that his intuition was likely to be more accurate than the experience, skill and instincts of what was once the greatest military clique in the world.

Prospects

IF there is a winter campaign, how can the Germans hope to stand up to the Russians? The winter is considered to be the best campaigning weather for the Russians. From the outset of the war they had the best equipment for winter fighting and this has been improved. The Germans have no such equipment, for Hitler never expected to be fighting in Russia in winter-time. His supply organisation in Russia as well as in Germany has been so badly battered that it is doubtful if he has been able to catch up with this original shortage. Those Germans who have fought two winters

in Russia will not be relishing the prospect of a third, nor will their relatives, who have been told so much of the hardships imposed on their soldiers. Here is another example where propaganda can be a boomerang.

Optimism

WE have been told by a Conservative who attended a private luncheon at which the Prime Minister spoke that Mr. Churchill is optimistic about the course of the war. Indeed, there is a strong growth of optimism in all parts of the House of Commons. It shows itself in many ways, and particularly in post-war discussions. Every politician seems to have a post-war plan. There are plans for everything. So much planning that if they all had their way there would be none of the freedom for which we are supposed to be fighting. Life will be lived according to plan. At least, this is what the politicians think when they grapple with the forces of the future which nobody—no matter how able—can assess or even foresee. I have a feeling that most of these plans will never see the light of day. Other forces and personalities will take charge when the war is over. The young men who have fought and flown and sailed the seas will have more to say after this war than they did after the last. I think it is well that they should, for through them Britain has been reborn and made strong and confident once more in the role she has to play.

Concessions

SIR WALTER WOMERSLEY is a genial, broad-spoken man of Lincolnshire. As Minister of Pensions he has one of the most vital political posts in the Government; one which attracts quick criticism. By his latest proposals for revising the Royal Warrant, Sir Walter has made far-reaching concessions to those who proclaimed that his pensions policy was niggardly. But before Sir Walter could make any concessions, he had to produce a case to the Treasury. Only after long argument, and with some reservations, did the Treasury agree to the Womersley plans. It says much for Sir Walter that his proposals have been approved by the House of Commons and that he, personally, has survived the criticism. But Sir Walter has had a sound political training in a hard school, having sat for Grimsby since 1924. In the Conservative Party he has been used as

an election fighter. No election was complete without words from Sir Walter Womersley.

Reform

AMONG young Conservatives, Mr. R. A. Butler has a reputation for hard work, sound scholarship and political acumen. Ten years ago he helped to draft and to pilot through Parliament the reform of the Indian constitution. Now Mr. Butler has started the reform of education. His White Paper is a model of clear thinking, but the task he has set himself is considerable. He plans to alter the whole outlook of education. There will be compulsory schooling for all children up to fifteen as soon as the war ends, and to sixteen later. There will be part-time education up to eighteen, and the public schools will be brought into the general scheme, though their identity and individuality will be preserved.



Mr. R. C. Casey at an Aircraft Factory

Mr. R. C. Casey is on a short visit to this country for consultations with the War Cabinet. At a British aircraft factory he was introduced by Mr. A. S. Butler, chairman of the de Havilland Company, to Mrs. Butler, one of the senior pilots of the A.T.A.

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The Question of Standard

By James Agate

HAVING spent a dreary morning reviewing one of those feminine ebullitions which I call "bosom-claspers" I went in the afternoon to see Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's latest film, *Du Barry Was a Lady* (Empire). This will no doubt be a great success, but it is simply not my kind of film. I hated it when I saw it as a stage play and I disliked the film-version even more. It seemed to me to be common in sentiment and cheap in humour. This, however, was not the opinion of the young airman on leave who accompanied me; he said I just don't understand swing, and that what to me seems a filthy and discordant noise is the most delightful music to him and his friends. Well, I suppose I am incorrigible; I judge by the standard of the educated public, forgetting that no cinema audience has the beginnings of an educated taste. From which I suppose Euclid would have argued that this is a super-excellent film.

DESMOND MACCARTHY hit the nail on the head when he wrote on a recent Sunday in *A Letter to a Common Reader*: "But when we [the highbrows] want to relax over a book, we can't get distraction or entertainment from the tosh you read. The habit of attending to the written word is too strong, and of thinking what's what as we go along." This applies equally to the cinema. I would rather spend two hours scrubbing floors or peeling potatoes than sit through a film like the *Du Barry* nonsense. The answer to that, of course, is that I am not a scrubber of floors or a peeler of potatoes, and that the people who are normally engaged in these humdrum occupations find that romantic which I find merely vulgar. Well, I don't think vulgarity of this

kind is good for the cinema classes, and if I had any share in making the new world I should first of all establish a Censorship of Taste.

How, then, would I propose that the lower classes fill in that time which my censorship would empty, since the taste of the masses is insusceptible of improvement? I should restore the old English sports and amusements, bear-baiting and cock-fighting, wrestling, boxing with naked fists, and open-air dancing. I would increase the strength of beer while lessening its price. I would let every man drink as much as he could decently carry. I would restore the pre-pre-war opening and closing times. I would consider restoring public executions, which are far less demoralising than most films. The spectacle may be revolting, but at least the revolt would be against the horrific. There is no cheap sentiment about a hanging. Remember that the age which permitted this produced Spenser and Marlowe, Ben Jonson and Shakespeare. And what, pray, has this age of the mushy novel, the cinema and the wireless produced? Nothing but bosom-claspers, film-stars and crooners. Bah!

WHEN *Du Barry Was a Lady* was produced as a stage-play I find that I wrote: "The romantic part of the entertainment is provided by Miss Frances Day, who seeks to show that the most exquisite of France's peccant ladies had really been of the grab-all-and-give-nothing order. . . . Much fun is made out of the scene in which the King is shot in the back by the Dauphin, whose principal hobby is playing at bows and arrows. The doctor called in to extract the arrow begins the

operation by inspecting his royal master's tonsils. But alas, this touch of Sganarelle is but momentary, and we pass to lesser humours. Is it very funny when a drunken bar-tender dreams he is a French king, saying, 'Dooshess, how d'ya like this joint?' The dresses and décor are superb, though it might be held that this isn't the moment for superbity. . . . I cannot remember a piece which has struck me as being possessed of so little charm, so little taste, and so much inanity." All this in the film was even worse. An enormous amount of money must have been spent, only to emphasise what I wrote about the play. In fact, as the more subtle of my readers may have gathered, I disliked it very much.

IT really seems as though there might be something in the rumour about the slump in film-going. Why shouldn't there be? The cinema during the last year or so has shown, with one or two exceptions, extraordinary poverty of invention. Over and over again, and *ad nauseam*, the films tell the same-old tale. *Crash Dive* (Tivoli) is just another version of that old one about the unsophisticated maiden who is engaged to the sober-sided Lieutenant-Commander but who finds herself attracted by some dashing and younger Lieutenant. She resists, of course. But just as constant water-drops wear away a stone, so will gallantry, aided by a little persistence, wear down the most obdurate female heart. And, of course, the Lieutenant is appointed to serve on the same boat under the Lieutenant-Commander, and of course neither knows of the other's love affair; the elder officer may, at the most, suspect the younger of certain shore flirtations; the younger may hazard that the elder has some suitable girl in tow. But neither ever suspects that they can be in love with the same girl. Until, still of course, the day arrives when the Lieutenant-Comm. says: "Elmer, meet my fi-ancy." And who should the fi-ancy turn out to be but the Loo's sweetie-pie?

THERE is no time for explanations, because at that moment comes a message that the boat has been ordered to Java or Jamaica or Joppa. On the bridge that night the Lieutenant says: "Sir, in that matter of Miss Antigone Pfozt I must explain that. . . ." Whereupon his commanding officer stops him and says with some severity: "Lootenant Elmer M. Highball, the deck of the *Walt Whitman* is no place for the discussion of private and personal matters. When we reach land I shall be glad to hear your explanations, if you have any to offer. . . . In the meantime does not that craft which I have just espied on the horizon look to you remarkably like the *Prinz Eugen*?"

IN the present case the job facing the *Walt Whitman* (which is a submarine) is the spying-out and destruction of a Nazi submarine base. Whereupon we get a repetition of the raid on the Lofoten Islands, except that eight men blow up the local oil tanks, gasometers, ammunition dumps, barracks and what-not all inside half an hour. Now I just don't believe that any eight men could do this in the case of a fully defended enemy base. Perhaps I ought to say I don't believe it as a matter of fact. In Technicolor I am prepared to believe anything.

I THOUGHT Dana Andrews excellent as the Lieutenant-Commander and Tyrone Power very good as his larkish self, and there is a first-rate performance by James Gleason. Anne Baxter dithers agreeably between her two beaux, and there is always Dame May Whitty poised augustly in the offing. But the film as a whole is run away with by Ben Carter as the negro sailor Oliver Cromwell Jones.



Crash Dive (Tivoli): Two Men, a Girl—and a Submarine

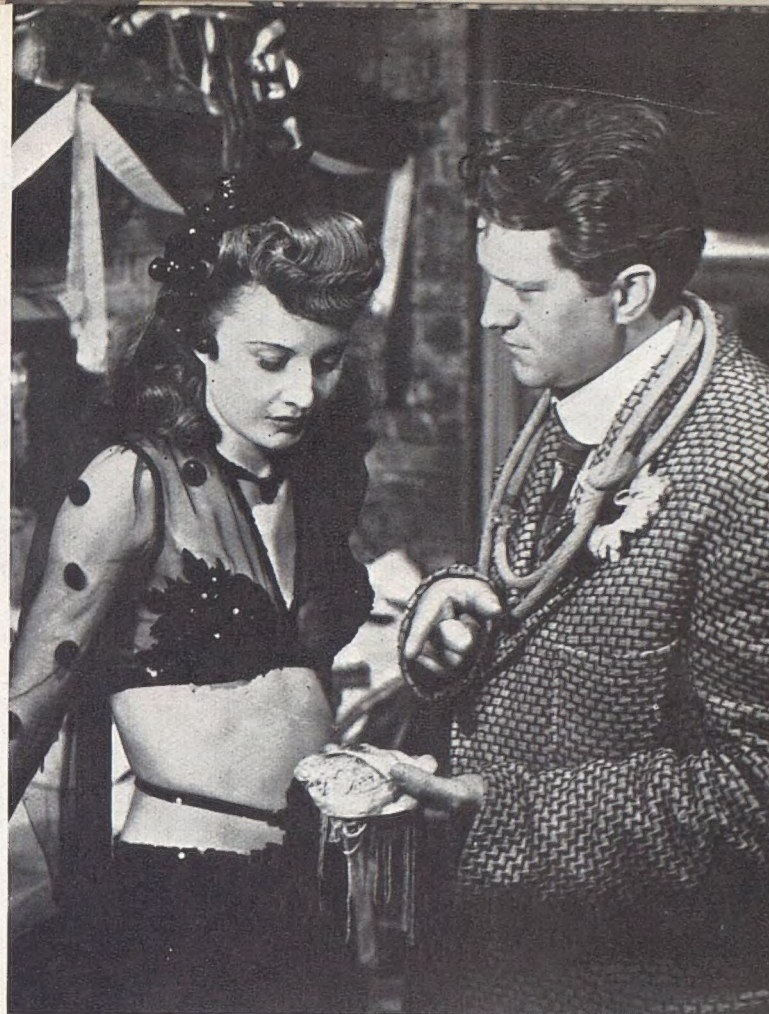
Once more the exploits of the Navy provide a background for the eternal triangle. Above, Lt.-Cdr. Connors (Dana Andrews), commander of a submarine, learns that his lieutenant (Tyrone Power) has stolen his girl (Anne Baxter). The film is reviewed by James Agate above



Inspector Harrigan (Charles Dingle) investigates the murder of Lolita La Verne, who has been found strangled with her own G-string. Suspicion falls on Dixie Daisy (Barbara Stanwyck) until Biff, the comic, comes to her aid

"Strip Tease Lady"

The Show Goes On—but Blackmail, Strangulation, and the Hidden Hand keep the Actors Busy Back-stage



Biff (Michael O'Shea) shows the incriminating G-string, which has been planted in his pocket during the police investigation, to Dixie (Barbara Stanwyck)



Everybody dislikes Princess Nirvena (Stephanie Bachelor). After a visit from her ex-gangster boy friend, Louie Grindero (Gerald Mohr), she is found dead on the stage

What city but New York could sponsor another Gypsy Rose Lee? Complete mistress of the art of strip tease, author of best-selling thrillers, queen of a Bohemia all her own, her life-story would make a score of Hollywood films. *Strip Tease Lady* (Odeon, Leicester Square) is based on her lurid novel *G-String Murders*—a G-string being that bit of flimsy material a show girl wears under her tights, and having no connection with a violin. The film is a racy and exciting story of rivalry, blackmail, strangling, poisoning, suicide and dirty work in general behind the scenes of a Broadway music-hall. Barbara Stanwyck is the leading lady of burlesque, whose rivals in the show are both strangled by an unknown murderer



Murder most foul. During one of the vaudeville acts the body of Princess Nirvena falls on to the stage. She has supplanted Dixie Daisy (Barbara Stanwyck) as the high-spot of the show

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Everyman: International Ballet (Lyric)

IN the old days one of the minor pleasures of the ballet was the Argument, or synopsis of the plot, printed on the programme. This was written in a style all its own, romantic and elusive; and, often less explicit than the action it sought to explain, it fascinated rather than enlightened. One read it hurriedly before the house-lights darkened, without mastering its pertinent detail; one referred to it while the ballet was in progress, without finding the place. But if it failed to inform, it certainly whetted anticipation. Today, that teasing pleasure is rare. Plots are more explicit, or non-existent, and programme prose less exotic.

When Massine began to compose abstract choreography to music from the popular classics, themes for ballet widened their range. Fairy-tales were ousted by metaphysics; plots gave place to choreographic poems, cryptic fantasies, surrealist riddles—what you will. Ninette de Valois found inspiration in the Old Testament, Frederick Ashton in the New, while Robert Helpmann boldly borrowed from Milton and Shakespeare.

The ballets that ensued did not pretend to cover in narrative detail the stories of *Job*, *The Wise Virgins*, *Comus* and *Hamlet*, but distilled, so to speak, their poetic and dramatic essence. And since the ballets thus inspired were composed by skilled masters of the dance, melodised by good musicians, decorated by eclectic artists, and delightfully danced, they were brilliantly successful.

IN basing her new and ambitious ballet on a medieval Morality play, Miss Mona Inglesby followed a reputable fashion. She also imposed on herself a heavy handicap. For *Everyman*, the play, is a pious memento mori, archaic in style and naïvely narrated. You probably recall the Argument: "The High Father of Heaven (I

quote the programme note) sendeth Death to summon Everyman to come and give account of his life in this world." That is a portentous theme. And while the play has scenes both grave and gay, its purpose is didactic: the recalling to careless or forgetful souls of the features and import of Death. One would say that Melpomene, not Terpsichore, was its patron muse, and the bended knee more appropriate than the light fantastic toe to a work that is solemn rather than snappy.

We needs must love the highest when, we

Sketches by
Tom Titt



In the ballet "*Everyman*," Death (represented by Harold Turner) is a vaunting, twirling, winged figure. *Everyman* (Leslie French), finding dance-mime insufficient, calls poetry to his aid



The Temptress, in the guise of a courtesan, is danced by Nina Tarakanova



Right: Mona Inglesby, the choreographer, represents Good Deeds

SELECTED lines from the play, affectingly spoken by Leslie French as *Everyman*, help to explain the action; but this primary character does not dominate the story or co-ordinate its diversified scenes. The outstanding figure is Death, danced by Harold Turner, who pirouettes with untiring if somewhat monotonous brilliance; and it is as dancing that his performance chiefly appeals. Similarly, Nina Tarakanova's glittering vivacious Courtesan, while delightful as a decorative detail, has to assume greater significance than the story warrants or the choreography supports.

It is not in taste or feeling that this new ballet disappoints, but in the failure of the composition to encompass the theme. Many passages are effectively composed and performed. The corps de ballet keeps the action fluid; but their movements and gestures, like the whirlwind spinning of Death, tend to somewhat monotonous repetition.

This ambitious essay in a difficult genre is handsomely mounted; and while much of it is pleasant to watch, it misses majesty, I feel, through lack of creative resource, and less than compulsive inspiration, on the part of the choreographer.



Cases of rare Chilean wine were presented by the Chilean Ambassador, Señor Manuel Bianchi, to be auctioned in aid of the Libraries. Here is His Excellency, who started the ball rolling in the right direction



Side-shows included a thrilling racing game which never lacked supporters. Mr. Larrain, Prince Bertil of Sweden, Mrs. Raquel Senoral de Watney, Mr. A. Flores-Piran, Mrs. Iris Kehoe and Mrs. Betty Bradley competed

Garden Party at Windlesham

Chilean Ambassador Lends Home to Aid
Royal Naval War Libraries



Admiral Sir Hugh Binney found an attractive rival in deck quoits corner, where rope markings were strongly reminiscent of holidays afloat. His opponent was Wren Dorothy Holmes



Mr. Augustus John found the answer really was a lemon when he bought a raffle ticket from Miss Anna Carcano, daughter of the Argentine Ambassador

The grounds of Thankerton House, Windlesham, Surrey, home of H.E. The Chilean Ambassador, were thrown open to the public recently for a garden party in aid of the Royal Naval War Libraries, founded by Mrs. Ivan Colvin, O.B.E., shortly after the outbreak of war. The Libraries work directly under the Admiralty and supply all forms of literature to men and women of all ranks in the British Navy



Mrs. Scott and Capt. W. B. Scott found a shady spot under the trees from which to watch the goings-on



Near by, Wren Barbara Lyttelton and Wren Virginia Ivens kept Captain Peter Arkwright company sitting on the grass



Young Lady Deirdre Hare had an amusing experience to tell Colonel L. F. E. Wouters, Baroness Ravensdale and her mother, Lady Listowel

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

War Jobs

LITTLE fuss is made of the war jobs which members of the peerage are doing both at home and in various parts of the world, and I doubt very much, for example, whether many people outside his own family, and the "high-ups" at the War Office and at U.S. Army Headquarters, know of the fine work the Duke of Marlborough is doing as liaison officer with the American Forces in this country. Like his cousin, Mr. Winston Churchill, the Duke is half-American by birth—his mother was Consuelo Vanderbilt, of New York—and his natural sympathy with, and understanding of, the American viewpoint make him immensely popular with the U.S. officers. It was with a smiling, happy group of them that I saw him in the City, at the buffet-lunch party which the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths gave to a number of officers of each of the three American Services, and the Duke, who holds the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, was busy explaining to them some of the historical associations of our ancient City companies. There was an unmistakably Churchillian tilt to the long cigar he smoked as he walked round examining the exhibits of the goldsmith's craft set out in the Livery Hall.

Mr. Eden, the Foreign Secretary, looked in at the party for a short interval, between attending a meeting of the War Cabinet and taking his place at his other job as Leader of the House of Commons, and the American Ambassador, Mr. John Winant, was also present.

Others who shook hands with the Prime Warden, Sir George Courthope, M.P., included Lord Queenborough, another peer with American connections (his first wife was daughter of U.S. Navy Secretary William C. Whitney, and his second, the daughter of William Starr Miller, of New York), and Lord Keyes. Lord Keyes, who is virtually the founder of the Commandos, is perhaps better known as Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, Chief of the historic Dover Patrol during the last war. He was responsible for the famous Zeebrugge raid, with which his name will for ever be associated.

Resignation

THE sudden resignation of Sir Alexander Hardinge, Private Secretary to H.M. the King since his Accession in 1936, enforced by medical orders, is a matter of deep regret to the King and Queen and to his hosts of friends and admirers in Court and political circles, where his tall, patrician figure, and his sagacious, unprejudiced advice will be sadly missed. Those who saw him give away his daughter, Winifred, at her wedding to Mr. John Murray, of the Grenadiers, a couple of weeks ago, remarked that "Alec" seemed to have lost a lot of his usual buoyancy, and looked a tired man, but few people had any idea that he was really a very sick man. The fact that Sir Alexander has had to give up his career through overwork at the early age of forty-nine—he was only twenty-six when King George V. chose him as an Equerry and Assistant Private Secretary—is a pointer to the immense amount of routine and detail work which devolves on the King and those who work with him, and it is only the natural resilience and vigorous spirits of the King that enable His Majesty himself to keep up with multitudinous duties without flagging.

The G.C.B. which the King conferred on Sir Alexander is a high mark of Royal regard. Sir Alexander already holds the highest rank of the Royal Victorian Order, apart from the rarely bestowed Chain, as a Knight Grand Cross. He is heir to the eighty-five-year-old Baron Hardinge of Penshurst. At present he has made no plans for the future, beyond taking the complete and prolonged rest from all public activities ordered by his doctors. Meantime, Sir Alan Lascelles, Assistant Private Secretary to the King since 1935, and cousin of Lord Harewood, is to take over his duties.

Fun of the Fair

LORD and Lady Vansittart have been two of the first people to realise the great need of entertainment for the "holidays-at-home" war-workers this August. They are

lending their lovely home, Denham Place, in Denham Village, for a Fair to be held there on August Bank Holiday. It is in aid of the "Prisoners of War Fund." Lord Vansittart, who has now happily recovered from the very bad throat he had for some weeks in the spring, is opening the Fair himself. Lady Vansittart is the president, and has collected a strong working committee around her which includes Princess Lobkowitz, wife of the Czechoslovak Ambassador. Princess Lobkowitz and her husband have made their country home with Lord and Lady Vansittart for the duration, when duties allow them to leave their Embassy in London. Another vigorous helper on the committee is Mrs. Richard Norton, who is such a live wire and always ready to lend a helping hand for any good cause. Mr. Spencer Reis, Chairman of the Denham and Pinewood Studios, is giving his support, too, so that the film world will be there in full force. The film stars are running a tent with all sorts of attractions, and



Liberal Supporters

Capt. George Grey, M.P. for Berwick-on-Tweed, was strongly supported by Lady Violet Bonham Carter when he spoke at the Liberal Party Assembly which opened in London recently. Lady Violet is President of the Women's Liberal Federation



Mrs. Orde Wingate Receives Her Husband's Medal

Mrs. Wingate, wife of Brigadier Orde Charles Wingate, leader of the expedition into the heart of Burma, recently received the Lawrence of Arabia Medal, highest award of the Royal Central Asia Society, on behalf of her husband. The medal was presented to Mrs. Wingate by Gen. Sir John Shea, Chairman of the Society. Lord Hailey, the President, is on Sir John's left; on his right are Col. Peake Pasha, who received the 1940 medal for work in Transjordan, and Miss Mildred Cable, who was also decorated

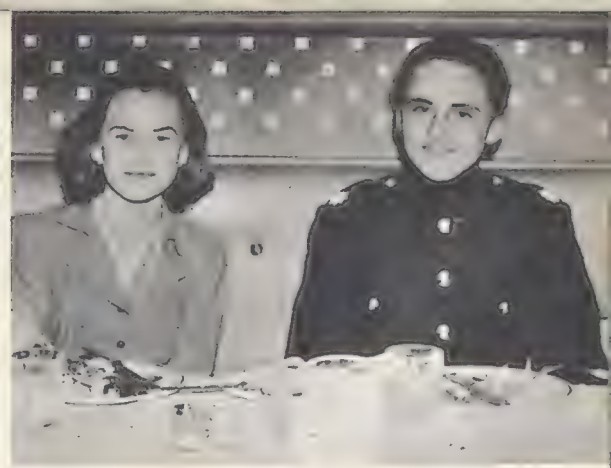
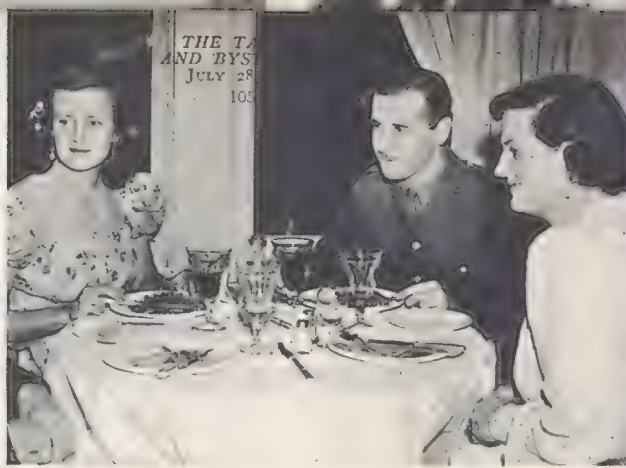
there will be sports, rides and drives, dancing and side-shows galore!

John Mills will be helping his wife with her stall. David Niven, on leave at the moment to make an Army film called *Way Ahead*, is coming to help, too, with his pretty wife, who was Miss Primula Rollo, daughter of Lady Kathleen Rollo. Another star and his wife who will be there, leave permitting, is Rex Harrison, now in the R.A.F., and Lili Palmer. Penelope Dudley Ward, the Marquise de Casa Maury's actress daughter, and Kay Walsh are two more helping; also Stewart Granger, who has been working in the film *The Lamp Still Burns*, which is the screen version of Monica Dickens's very amusing book, *One Pair of Feet*, and is the film that the late Leslie Howard was working on up to the time of his tragic journey.

Side-Shows

A VERY original idea is the "Bottle only Houph-la" which is being run by Mr. C. R. Taylor, whose hobby before the war was breeding horses, and who has now turned his attention to market gardening and farming. Incidentally, he has lent his famous white Arab pony for rides during the afternoon: it is the one that Sabu rode in *Elephant Boy*. His "Bottle" houph-la will have everything in bottles, from sauces and pickles to gin, champagne and whisky—and plenty of the latter, I am told. There have been some wonderful contributions to this stall, which is sure to be very popular.

Mrs. Robert Miesegae, whose husband



A Few of the Diners-out in a Recent Tour of the London Restaurants

Swæbe

The Earl of Carnarvon had his only daughter, Lady Penelope Herbert, as his dinner companion. Lady Penelope is shortly going into the W.R.N.S.

Three members of a cheerful quartet were the Hon. Mrs. de Hoghton Lyle, Mr. G. Perly-Robinson and the Countess of Cadogan. Mrs. de Hoghton Lyle and Lady Cadogan are two of Lord Churston's four sisters

Lord Rupert Nevill, second son of the Marquess of Abergavenny, found a comfortable sofa table for his partner, Lady Camilla Wallop. Lady Camilla is the eldest of Lord Portsmouth's three daughters

bought a lovely house in the village a few years ago from Lady Victoria Braithwaite, the mother of the late Lord Plunket, is having a fruit (including lemons!) and tomato stall. There will be baskets of every size, shape and description. Lady Vansittart has been one of the most popular people in the diplomatic world for years. Her eldest son, Sir Colville Barclay, is in the Navy, her second son in the Diplomatic Service, and her youngest is in the Middle East with his regiment.

Racing News

SUCH a large crowd went racing at Windsor on one of the loveliest days of the year that all the race-cards were sold long before the first race, and people who arrived late had to manage without. Although hard going reduced the fields for some of the races, the results were very satisfactory, three of the winners being favourites and the others all well-backed.

The Hon. Dorothy Paget produced yet another good two-year-old in Golden Chimes, and was obviously delighted with his success. There is no more enthusiastic owner and no one who deserves success more. Mr. Frank Hartigan, just recovered from a serious illness, came in the horse-box with his old favourite, Sugar Palm, whom he trains for Major Bonsor. His journey was certainly both really necessary and worth-while, as the good-looking chestnut won very easily and must now be regarded as the champion sprinter. Mr. "Dick" Dawson, famous trainer of three Derby winners, Blenheim, Trigo and Fifinella, and now farming

over eleven hundred acres of mostly arable land, was there to see the début of a very nice half-sister to his good horse Mazarin, Empress Catherine by Columcill.

Most women put austerity aside for the afternoon, and the gay-coloured dresses against the natural background provided by the charming little course made a very attractive picture. Sailors present must have been most intrigued by Mrs. Luke Lillingston's red frock, printed with white anchors and lifebelts. Lady Sefton was with Lord Sefton, and Lord and Lady Manton were also watching the races together and talking to Lady Throgmorton, who used rarely to miss a meeting in the old days, and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, who is still convalescent from her recent illness.

The young entry included Lord Porchester with his very pretty sister, Lady Penelope Herbert, who is joining the W.R.N.S., and Sir Francis Beaumont, whose mother, Mrs. Oswald Bell, is always one of the best-dressed women on a racecourse. Mr. "Hans" Barnard Hankey, on leave from the Navy, brought his young son, Michael, very American, having only just returned from the States, and losing money on the horses, but fortunately, to his father. Lady Petre was taking expert advice on the form from the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Byass. Others there included Lady Grenfell, Mrs. Sue Richmond and Mrs. Morrough Ryan, who has not been racing in the south for a long time, and was greeting many old friends. She was Miss "Teenie" Vaux before her marriage, and her brother, W/Cdr. Peter Vaux, won many races as a G.R. before the war.

(Concluded on page 120)



Clapperton, Selkirk

Garden Party at Galashiels

The Duchess of Buccleuch, who opened the Garden Sale at Old Gala House in aid of the British Sailors Society, made several purchases as she toured the stalls. Here she is examining some of her purchases with Mrs. Smith, wife of Provost Smith



Garden Party with a Nautical Flavour at Thankerton House

Mrs. Hugh Williams, the former Margaret Vyner of Australia, was with Major Hannay. (More pictures of the Garden Party are to be found on page 103)

Sir Herbert Samuelson escorted Mrs. Thursby Pelham, daughter of the late Admiral Sir Arthur Farquhar, K.C.B., of Dumnagesk, N.B., and a sister of Admiral Richard Farquhar

Admiral Frank Pegram, D.S.O., came with his wife. Admiral Pegram was in charge of the British Naval Mission to Chile during the years 1928-1930

Mission to Moscow

An Authentic Picture of Contemporary History Dedicated to the Free Men of the World

● The film *Mission to Moscow*, which is now showing at Warner's Theatre, Leicester Square, is the pictorial record of the journeyings of Mr. Joseph E. Davies, who was sent by President Roosevelt to learn the truth about the U.S.S.R.—the people, their leaders and their purpose. Mr. Davies, a lawyer by profession, impressed the Russians by the directness of his speech and honesty of his purpose. President Kalinin made it possible for him to move unhindered throughout the country. He saw the country's resources in man-power, in coal and oil, in steel and hydro-electric projects. He formed the opinion that the might of the Soviet Union was being seriously underestimated. With President Roosevelt's permission, he decided to lay before all free men of the world the facts he had discovered. *Mission to Moscow*, first a best-seller, now a film, is the result



Ambassador Joseph E. Davies lays his credentials before his audience and introduces the film. He is represented by Walter Huston in the film itself



Mrs. Davies, who accompanied her husband throughout his journeyings, is represented in the film by Ann Harding. Here the real Mrs. Davies meets the film Mrs. Davies during the making of the picture in Hollywood



At Geneva "a little man of great dignity," the Emperor Haile Selassie (Leigh Whipper) pleads for fulfilment of the League's Covenant to protect the small nations against the aggressor. At this, the Italian delegation walk out in indignation



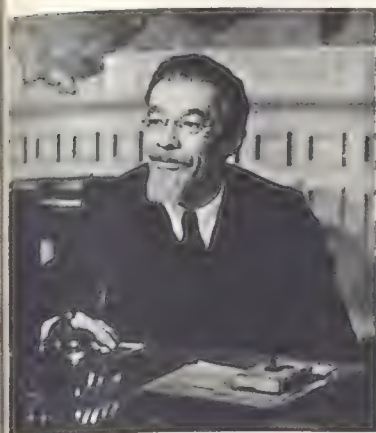
En route to Moscow, Ambassador Davies with his family stop in Berlin. Everywhere there are signs of military fanaticism. The Hitler Youth and Storm Troopers that are seen in every street fill Davies with premonition of evil



Following sabotage at Kharkov, seventeen well-known figures of Soviet public life stand on trial for their lives. The diplomatic and journalistic world are agog; the outer world seethes with speculation. "The truth is stranger than fiction," quoted Ambassador Davies



At a stag dinner given by Litvinov in honour of Davies, who has been recalled to Washington, the news is received that Hitler has invaded Austria. Nazi troops are already in Vienna. In the manner foretold by President Kalinin, Hitler is "honouring his word"



President Kalinin, the man who made it possible for Ambassador Davies to see the life and industry of all Russia, is played by Vladimir Sokoloff



Maxim Litvinov is represented by Oscar Homolka. The Russian asked one favour. "When you return to America, please, tell them what you have seen"



Ambassador Davies is introduced to Marshal Timoshenko (Kurt Katch) and gets some first-hand information about the Red Army at a formal ball given by the Litvinovs in Moscow to welcome the American, who is impressed by all that he sees and hears in Russia



Two of the greatest leaders the world has ever known are represented by Mannart Kippen as Joseph Stalin and Dudley Field Malone as Winston Churchill. Mrs. Churchill, played by Doris Lloyd, also makes a brief appearance on the screen



Before leaving, Davies pays one last visit to the Kremlin to see the President. Their conversation is unexpectedly interrupted by Stalin, who walks, unheralded, into the room. Stalin and Davies discuss at length the position of Russia in the event of further aggression



On the way back to America, Davies interrupts his journey to call on Winston Churchill, then living in the country. He conveys to Churchill the gravity of the situation and imminent danger of world-wide conflagration. Churchill promises to continue the warning speeches he has already made

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

MULE-TRANSPORT is being used by Montgomery's troops in Sicily, old soldiers will note with a Blimpish grin. So much for your new-fangled stink-cans when it comes to really sticky country.

Esteeming the mule as we do—he reminds us, strongly of the Island Race, being stolid, homely, faithful, fixed in purpose, able to semaphore with both ears, and sterile—this return to the dark ages gives us pleasure, shared undoubtedly by James ("Boss") Agate, who as a former captain in the Army Service Corps (Supply) mixed with mules a great deal and learned to love them almost as much as he loves actors. Mules can certainly endear themselves to chaps. The most charming animal-book we ever came across, by the late Spanish poet Juan Ramón Jiménez, about a beloved mule named Platero, is an example to the dishevelled doggie-woggie girls, being affectionate without slop and graceful without whimsy-whamsy. For, difficult as it is for the Race to believe that anyone outside these islands is fond of animals, the Spanish mule is frequently a pet. Those jolly prancing little fellows, all over silver bells and gay trappings, who draw ace bullfighters in open carriages to the big arenas, would be the first to kick anybody in the snoot who queried it.

If the mule-lines of any battalion perpetually ring with curses, that is merely because mules will not be rushed by excitable

people into making up their minds. Nor, having found the answer, do they giggle. Another difference between them and the Brains Trust boys is that after death their front and rear feet are useful for making glue.

Build-Up

BOOSTING "Monty" into the Hollywood film-star class, a process now busily proceeding—one of the popular dailies even inspected and reported on his personal baggage at Claridge's during his recent flying visit to London—is probably just what the citizenry needs. This war has thrown up no other Kitchener-size military idol so far, though one has a feeling General Alexander would have an equal claim to stardom if he cared to establish it.

Meanwhile the Fleet Street boys should lay off dumbly comparing "Monty" with Cromwell, whom he doesn't resemble in the least, quite apart from his rarely weeping and his being unscared of assassination. What "Monty" does strongly remind us of, within limits, is one of those lean, steely, sundried, ascetic monk-warriors of the Order of the Temple, before they became corrupted by vast wealth and Oriental luxury (this likeness occurred to us while studying him at a South Coast cinema one Sunday when, as G.O.C. South-Eastern Command, he

MAURICE McLOUGHLIN



"— Sergeant, why isn't this man's head polished?"

harangued 500 dismayed Home Guard officers, plump and pink, on fitness and abstinence). We can even see "Monty" facing King Philippe le Bel's judges, refusing—as so many of the Templars did, even under torture—to give his Order away, and maybe adding curtly: "Incidentally your Lordships look a bit fleshy to me. You, Sir, over there—try a brisk stripped run every morning before breakfast. Five miles or so. Do you a power o' good."

We doubt if this private, fancy would serve for general or popular boosting purposes, however, and we must be getting along before it rains.

Charge

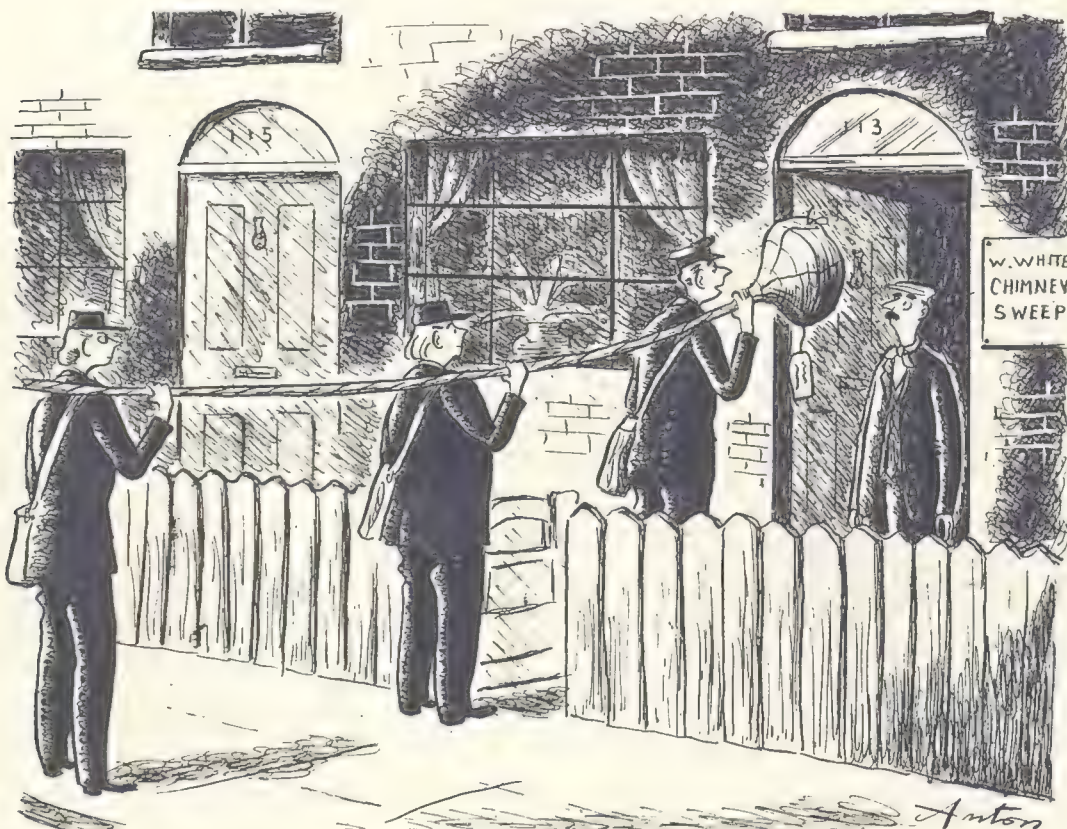
IF the newly-formed Friends of Hansard really want to knock the populace for a row of lacquer Japanese ashcans, they should rake through some of the back numbers of *Hansard* for a few years and reprint a little anthology of spicy Parliamentary bits to lure the public on.

That amusing episode of 1926, for example, when Dr. Salter (Lab.) accused some of the boys of being shipwrecked on parade ("members of all parties, drunk in the House, not on one but many occasions"). In Pitt's time nobody would have raised an eyebrow at this remark, made to a teetotal gathering of some sort outside the House. However, in 1926 the boys went hopping mad, Dr. Salter was charged with grave breach of privilege, Mr. Baldwin made one of those large smoothing speeches, certain Labour members proposed inviting the doctor to name a few drunks before a Committee of Privileges, Mr. Lloyd George pointed out silkily how inadvisable this was, and the House finally, as Compton Mackenzie said, "contented itself with passing an unanimous motion in favour of its own sobriety." Pure comedy, this debate, and if printed verbatim and illustrated by Nicolas Bentley or Fenwick or Osbert Lancaster, a certain best-seller.

Yahoodom

COMPLAINING of weekend visitors from town who tramp six abreast through growing corn, tear

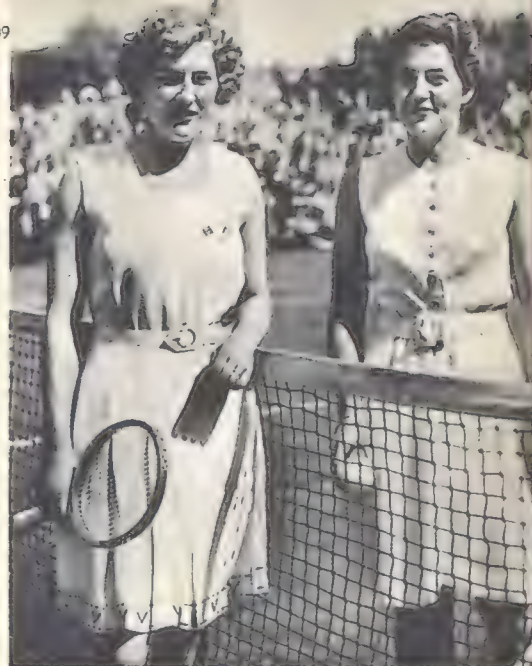
(Concluded on page 110)



"A parcel for you, Mr. White"



Mrs. Vivian gets ready for a smashing return to her opponent, Mrs. Bostock. The tense attitude of the crowd gives an idea of the excitement created by this evenly matched pair in the match of the afternoon



Cool and collected in spite of the heat, Mrs. Bostock and Mrs. Vivian posed at the net

Lawn Tennis at Queen's Club

Spectators and Players Give Their Support
to the Red Cross

The chief attraction at a recent meeting at Queen's Club, organised in aid of the Red Cross, was an exhibition match between Mrs. E. W. A. Bostock (Jean Nicoll that was) and Mrs. F. H. Vivian (the former Peggy Scriven). The match went on for two hours (Mrs. Bostock having won the first set 7-5) without any definite conclusion being reached and the result was given as a draw. Brilliant weather brought a record attendance



Among the spectators were Capt. McCorvas and Mrs. Jack Lysaght. They are seen talking to Miss Billie Yorke after her doubles match with Sgt. E. J. Filbey against S/Ldr. D. Maskell and Miss P. O'Connell



Mr. H. Billington, playing with F/Lt. W. M. Martin, drew against S. Ellsworth Davenport and G. P. Hughes 6-4, 3-6, 1-1



Mr. S. Ellsworth Davenport, a ranked American player, gave this fine action picture in play with G. P. Hughes (seen in the background)



F/Lt. W. M. Martin is the Canadian Davis Cup player. The above gives some idea of the intense concentration of this player when in action

Standing By ...

(Continued)

haystacks down for fun, chase pregnant livestock, and otherwise carry on like merry yahoos, an agricultural chap has been asking what all the compulsory education of the last decade or so has been for.

Its chief result, experts tell us, has been to establish illiteracy on such a vast intensive scale that the average peasant of some "backward" foreign country who can barely read or write looks like Socrates in comparison (as well he might, being generally packed with a rich ancestral wisdom you don't get from the *Daily Snoop*). Illiteracy makes the compulsorily-educated naturally contemptuous of the hayseed and destructive of his efforts. This attitude the hayseed combats when possible with large savage dogs and personal violence, but it seems that to maim or kill one of the compulsorily-educated, as the law now stands, is a crime. (Barry Pain noted the same about jobbing gardeners.) A deadlock, as it were.

Another point is that there are too many Nature boys making the townbred citizenry fretful with their dainty gambols. A desire to take it out of Nature is the obvious reaction. In Cobbett's time editors didn't "feature" Nature so archly and the townee or City slicker left the crops alone. We don't know what the agriculturists can do about it now, except go and live in Iceland or Tierra del Fuego.

Throb-Box

ANOTHER musicianly crack at the cinema organ ("the world's wet mouth lamenting over Life," as Graham Greene has admirably described its sickly-sweet throbs) has been recently taken by an organist who resents the degradation of a noble instrument.

Sed contra, as logicians say, you may remember the notable boast some time ago of the organist of Londonderry (Ulster) Cathedral? "I could play jazz all week on the cathedral organ without doing it any harm," he growled; reminding us forcibly at the time of Tennyson's lines:

Seated one day at the organ
I jumped as if I'd been shot,
For the Dean was upon me,
snarling:
"Stainer—and make it hot!"
All week I "swung" Stainer and
Barnby,
Bach, Gounod, and Bunnett
in A;
I said, "Gosh, the old bus is a
wonder!"
The Dean, with a nod, said
"Okay."

A few days after the Londonderry air, happening to be in Ste. Clotilde in Paris, where the great César Franck was organist so long, we heard strange moans and shudders from the organ-loft. Repairs to the dynamo, or something, they said. Repairs nothing, that poor distinguished organ was just dying of shame.

Blot

FOR the Advisory County Cricket Committee to pass a resolution at Lord's that

matches shall last either two or three days does not touch the real problem. What makes the name of first-class cricket stink all the world over, as everybody knows, is the unseemly behaviour at the wicket.

The presence of women on the pitch during a match is a tradition the M.C.C. should have abolished long ago. It dates from the Regency, when every player strolled insolently to the wicket arm-in-arm with his mistresses, and licentiousness was rife. The Editor of *Wisden* said in 1805:

"Lustrous eyes, snowy bosoms, ruby lips—egad, the old pitch has seldom seen a fairer sight than was displayed to Cricket's votaries during the Middlesex-Surrey match, when the most beauteous denizens of the Beau Monde—ay, and the Demi-Monde—among whom we observed Lady J——y, Lady C——n, the Duchess of R——e, and La Bella Ravioli of the Opera—hung swooning on the manly breasts of Mulch and Gowler, from whose hands the crimson sphere fell half-suspended—for at Beauty's imperious command what gallant bowler dare proceed? Damme, 'twas Cupid ruled the game!"

The average eight-ball over might take twelve hours to play in these circumstances, which seems long even to a British cricket crowd. The M.C.C., denounced by several bishops but not daring to offend the great world, took no action. There is even less excuse to-day for tolerating a pitch thronged with a rabble of actresses, B.B.C. girl announcers, Mayfair dance-hostesses, Parliamentary Glamour Girls, pseudo-Oriental snake-charmers, and Heaven knows what, chattering, laughing, flirting, ogling the



"Un petit peu de tout droit, hein?"

players, obstructing bowlers and batsmen, and utterly defeating the ethical aims of Our National Game. Every serious cricketer will have but one word for this kind of situation: viz., lousy.

Hymn

OVER Kipling's autograph manuscript of "Recessional," just presented to the National Trust for display at his charming house at Burwash, Sussex, hangs a curiously ironic and even comic atmosphere. Scared—even he—at the way the Race was swaggering and shouting in 1897, Kipling composed "Recessional," he says in his memoirs, as a *nuzzurwattu*, or averter of the Evil Eye. However, the Race took it for a hymn of praise and to this day sing it with lusty emotion to a sugary tune.

The only good parody of "Recessional"—which, as you know, emphasises the fact that the Anglo-Saxon Race, though rather naughty, is still the Chosen People, the Herrenvolk—is by the late Reginald Berkeley, written in the nightmare 1920's. It's an amusing but rather cruel glimpse of Kipling complaining to his Maker about the Race's attitude to Kiplingism generally:

It seems to me, O Lord my God,
Extremely odd; extremely odd.

Odi et amo—strange how one can love and detest Kipling simultaneously. Stranger still (to us) our overwhelming, hungry, almost tropical love for you, you big wonderful sweethearts, you rats.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Try to forget it all for a bit, Aubrey, and come to the pictures"

Men of the R.A.F.

By Olive Snell



W/Cdr. Alan Deere, D.S.O., D.F.C. and bar, is a New Zealander, and the leader of a famous Biggin Hill sector of Fighter Command that celebrated its 1000th victim a short time ago. Deere is himself credited with at least 20½ enemy aircraft. He has been shot down five times, escaping twice by parachute after mid-air collisions. Two of his five brothers are prisoners of war.



P/O. J. A. Rank was on the staff at an Air Observer school for over a year, and is now doing communication flying for an R.A.F. headquarters somewhere in the north. He is the son of the late Mr. Roland Rank and Mrs. Rank, of Aldwick Place, Sussex, and a nephew of Mr. Jimmie Rank and Mr. Arthur Rank.



Air/Cdre. Gérard d'Erlanger founded the Air Transport Auxiliary in September 1939, and has commanded it ever since. He himself flies all kinds of aircraft, from the smallest trainer to the largest multi-engined types, and is always amongst the first pilots to try out anything new. He is a Director of the British Overseas Airways Corporation.



S/Ldr. H. R. "Dizzy" Allen, D.F.C., joined the R.A.F. before the war. He was in action over Rotterdam and Dunkirk during the British evacuation, in the Battle of Britain, and took part in the Combined Operations raid on Dieppe, commanding the same squadron as in 1941. He destroyed or damaged over twenty enemy aircraft, has been three times wounded and belongs to the Caterpillar Club. Last year he married G/Capt. J. R. W. and Lady Clare Smyth-Pigott's only daughter.



Lady Sherwood and Lady Birkenhead with Their Children



Audley Wood

Two Sisters and The Countess of Birkenhead with Their Children



Some Stalking by Juliet Smith



The Countess of Birkenhead and Her Son



Wood, Basingstoke

and Their Children

Countess of Birkenhead and Lady Sherwood
and their Families

The Countess of Birkenhead had her sister, Lady Sherwood, and her two boys, Philip and Christopher Chetwode, staying with her at Audley Wood, near Basingstoke, when these pictures were taken. She herself has two children, Viscount Furneaux and Lady Juliet Smith. Lady Birkenhead and Lady Sherwood are the second and third daughters of Viscount Camrose; Lady Sherwood was previously married to Capt. R. C. G. Chetwode, who died in 1940, and two years later she married Lord Sherwood, additional Under-Secretary of State for Air. Lady Birkenhead published her first book, *Against Oblivion*, a short time ago. Her husband is serving in the Oxfordshire Yeomanry.



Philip Chetwode Photographs His Mother and Aunt

Photographs by
Swaebe



In Action: Philip Chetwode and Robin Smith



Lady Sherwood with Philip and Christopher



Bassano

The Hon. Mrs. John Godley is the youngest daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. C. N. Reyne, of Brookfield, Alverstoke. She was married at St. Mary's, Alverstoke, a few weeks ago to the Hon. John Godley, elder son of Lord Kilbracken and now serving as a Sub-Lieut. in the R.N.V.R. Mrs. Godley is in the W.R.N.S.



Bertram Park

The Hon. Mrs. J. E. T. Mansfield was in the Land Army before her marriage in November last to F/Lt. the Hon. John Edward Mansfield, elder son of Lt.-Col. Lord Sandhurst and Lady Sandhurst. Mrs. Mansfield is the second daughter of the late Mr. J. Fielder Johnson and Mrs. Fielder Johnson



Bertram Park

Lady Moyra Streatfeild is the elder twin daughter of the Earl and Countess of Courtown. She was married in April last to Lieut. D. H. C. Streatfeild, R.N., youngest son of the Rev. C. A. C. and Mrs. Streatfeild, of Symondsbury, Dorset. Lady Moyra is Captain of the 1st Aylesbury Guides Company and a driver for the W.V.S.

Brides of the Past Year



Bassano

The Marchioness of Willingdon is a bride of last month. She was formerly Miss Daphne Caldwell, and is the elder daughter of the late Seymour Caldwell and Mrs. Caldwell, of Brunswick Place, Hove. Her husband succeeded his father in 1941, and is serving in the R.A.F.V.R.



Anthony Beauchamp

The Hon. Mrs. Simon Astley is the youngest daughter of Field Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell, Viceroy-Designate of India, and Lady Wavell. She was married in January this year at the Church of the Redemption, New Delhi, to her father's A.D.C., Capt. the Hon. Simon Astley, 7th Hussars, younger son of Lord and Lady Hastings. Mrs. Astley is a keen horsewoman and recently rode a winner at Delhi Races

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

"An Amazon" Instance of . . .

THE rest of the sentence is "a pop'lar man" and the reference is to Surtees' celebrity, who was always so anxious to do everything that was "handsome and popular." The thought is induced by something someone back not so long ago from Somewheres West of Suez said to me about that luckless person Von Papen, who, the Scout says, is extremely uncomfortable. Von Papen has failed in his assignment in Turkey, and Hitler is again furious, and Ribbentrop, who has been out for his blood for some time past, is in a similar condition. Von Papen has always been on the very edge of an abyss since he has teamed up with Hitler; he narrowly escaped sharing Von Röhm's fate when the crime passionel was committed in 1934; in 1938 his bosses calmly discussed having him and the German Military Attaché in Vienna shot, just to give Hitler an excuse to march in and impose the Anschluss, and now the wretched man has failed in Turkey! They put a bad mark against him for his clumsy bungling in the last war, *ref.* his New York dossier. If I were he I would not go back to Germany. Incidentally, Von Rintelen (now one of our numerous guests) and Germany's star spy in the last war, hates Von Papen like poison, and ascribes all his past misfortunes to his and Boy Ed's treachery. When Von Papen, who used to be in the 1st Regiment of Uhlans of the Guard, was over here for the main purpose of foxhunting (maybe), no one liked him very much, but he rode well. He was, anyway, a much bigger success than "Von" Ribbentrop, now so anxious to have him done in. What an amusing plot and counter-plot game it is to watch—but not to play.

In the Way They Should Go

ONE or two interesting letters have come my way upon some notes herein contained and the painfully obsolescent long-distance horse, all, of course, vis-à-vis, the sorry exhibition in the Gold Cup, in which only one—and he not exactly a top-sawyer—showed any signs of liking a long journey. One correspondent says that he is sure that the French are right, and we are wrong, and that if we want to re-establish stamina we must give our young ones



Army Recruits

G. H. G. Daggart, Winchester's cricket and soccer captain, won the Public Schools Rackets Championship this year with J. Barry Thursfield, Secretary of the school's cricket team. Both are going into the Army at the end of this summer, Daggart into the Coldstream Guards

more time to get on their legs. Another correspondent thinks that the weights on their immature two-year-old backs are far too high, and points the fact that they range from round about 8.11 early on to 9 st. by the time that the Middle Park and the Dewhurst are reached in the back-end of the season. There is here much food for thought, and I append a few suggestions and purely personal observations.

Skeletons

IT might interest some people as much as it interested me some years ago to inspect the skeletons of some famous racehorses at the



D. R. Stuart

Two New Zealand Cricketers

Sgt. K. C. James, R.A.F., and Lt. C. S. Dempster, who both played for their country in the years 1927-1933, found themselves on opposing sides when they met recently at Lord's in the return match between the Army and R.A.F. Lt. Dempster played a particularly fine innings and scored 53

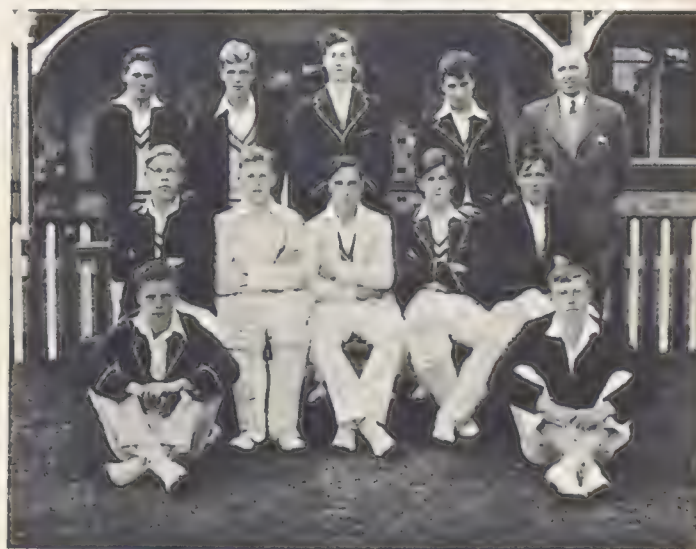
Natural History Museum in South Kensington. Unless anything untoward has happened to them there may still be seen those of Eclipse, Persimmon, and some others, and I would suggest an examination of the vertebræ in, the ancient and more or less modern champions. Eclipse was not backed till he was five; Persimmon and the others just went through the ordinary mill as two-year-olds. The vertebræ of Eclipse are all perfectly vertical; those of the others not so. Does, or does not, this suggest that too much weight was put on the backs of the moderns before they were ready to stand it? If it is held that this may be so, then I put this further question: "Would you expect a man with even a suggestion of curvature to be as good an athlete, boxer, oar, dancer, and so forth, as one with a perfectly normal spinal column?" A subsidiary question for the veterinary faculty: "Is it not the fact that even the slightest variation from the normal may have a serious effect upon the whole nervous system?" It is quite unnecessary for a layman to ask for enlightenment when the flanges of the spinal column are seen to overlap. Any defect or derangement might account for what is sometimes called "temperament," sometimes

(Concluded on page 116)



Major Lord Tennyson and a R.N. Air Station XI.

This group was taken when the R.N.A.S. was playing Winchester. They lost by 5 runs. Back row: H. A. Cooper (umpire), D. R. Arkell (scorer), N. Curtis, J. Melody, W. Hamilton, G. Buck, C. Lainsbury, Lt. L. J. McLardie. Sitting: W. S. Wilson, Capt. Gornall, R.N., Major Lord Tennyson (captain), Lt. G. Knight, Lt. P. Halford. On ground: H. Eastwood, T. Saul



Charterhouse XI., 1943

D. R. Stuart

Charterhouse have beaten Tonbridge and Sandhurst, lost to Eton and drawn with Wellington. Standing: E. A. Bishop, M. G. Risnell, B. T. Bridger, G. R. W. Carter, George Geary (coach). Sitting: R. D. Forbes-Watson, A. Creole-Rees, E. C. Dalgety (captain), E. L. Williams, J. B. R. Ashley. On ground: A. J. Rimell, J. T. Naur

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

"roguery," and sometimes just lack of courage. An X-ray of some of those which are given the rogue's badge might disclose that there is a direct physical cause.

Other Possibilities

It is, of course, quite certain that the cause of waywardness may have no structural or physical foundation at all. Some animals, from the highest to the lowest expression, were never intended by nature to be Cœurs de Lion. Mean and cowardly creatures, physically perfect, abound in all strata of the animal creation. There are just as many horses, who, if they were human beings, would be top of the hand-cap at an old cats' tea-party as there are men. The twerp is not a human prerogative, neither is the bluffer. You and I know the horse (and the man) who would play up if he had the guts, but who stops his monkey tricks the moment he finds out who is captain of the ship. There is another very possible cause of waywardness. Some of these in-and-outers are over-sexed, exactly as are some human beings. Satyriasis and nymphomania are obviously as



In the Paddock at Leopardstown Races, Dublin

M. E. Simons, who for fifty-one seasons until the outbreak of war was Master of a private pack in France—the Boischaumont Crie Haut Hounds—was snapped with Lady Ainsworth, the wife of Sir Thomas Ainsworth of Kilcreanan, Argyllshire



Poole, Dublin

Mr. P. J. Beary, brother of jockey Michael Beary, and private trainer for Lord Glentoran and Sir Thomas Dixon, was with Sir Thomas Ainsworth. Sir Thomas is a former Master of four Irish hunts—the Meath, Kildare, Galway Blazers and Tipperary Hounds



"Picking Off the (Race) Card." By "The Tout"

Mrs. Lionel Cecil's husband used to train with Victor Gilpin and both manage to get in a day's racing at Newmarket now and again. Most successful trainer, Harvey Leader (known locally as Jack) has the crack filly, Fair Fame, in his stable. She is reputed—and not without reason—to be the fastest two-year-old in Newmarket just now. Though we hope his services will be seldom in request, Dr. N. C. Simpson (Official Racecourse M.O.) is always on the spot at Headquarters in case of accidents. Bob Considine, a leading U.S. War Correspondent, paid his first visit to a racecourse on this side the other day. He represents the International News Service. Lord Rendlesham lives in Suffolk, races at Newmarket, and is a patron of Walter Nightingall, whose Epsom stable supporters have so far had such a bumper season. Joe Taylor rides chiefly north of the Trent, where he has been a leading light of the pigskin for several years. Bob Colling and Bob Armstrong are respective heads of the two great Yorkshire training families. Some years ago the former migrated to Newmarket, where he and his sons (R. J. and George) now carry on with such success. Bob Armstrong's sons, Sam and Gerald, train at Middleham, and have few superiors in the North

prone to attack horses as they are the higher animal. I think Monarch, who some people may remember, was a victim, but, curiously, it did not prevent him attending to the business of racing. I should think Tipstaff is probably another, and Nasrullah may be. He, at any rate, is not honest. About Watling Street, I wonder.

Cause and Cure

THOUGH we may arrive, or think that we arrive, at the cause of this decline in equine stamina and these frequent examples of temperament and unreliability, the cure is far from easy to find. I suggest that it boils down to this: "Begin wrong, and you will rarely get it as right as you would have done if you had begun right!" What a tiresome job, for instance, it is to remount a horse. How difficult to turn the wooden image on a horse into just ordinary flesh and blood. And this goes for almost everything: rowing, the bat and ball game, golf, pat-ball, boxing, fencing, and also—and most particularly—breeding a pack of hounds. Touching and concerning this last, and the time it always takes to top and tail and eliminate and recreate, I think that the only direction in which Lord Vansittart is wrong is where he talks of "re-educating Germany" in a few generations. The German pack has been wrongly bred for going on for 2600 years. What would any scientific breeder of hounds, such as, say, Lord Bathurst, or Lord Lonsdale, do if he found himself with such a collection as is now in the German kennel? "Bugginson's Draft" (vide Handley Cross) were Peterborough winners compared to the lot which it is benevolently hoped can be re-educated. It all comes back to: "Begun wrong, never right." No M.F.H. in his senses would use any of either the stallion hounds or the brood bitches in the kennel about which we are talking. Rehabilitating our bloodstock by treating it a bit lighter in its young days is a far easier proposition. The fact that we do not do so is, I am sure, the real causa causans of the disappearance of the genuine stayer.

Telling Us Nothing

It is often said that you can prove anything by figures, but if anyone can prove what those wise birds, the Fielders, think about the last of this season's classics by their figures, he must be cleverer than most. Here is what they say: 6 to 1 Straight Deal and Persian Gulf; 13 to 2 Ribbon; 7 to 1 Umiddah (this is practically same price each of four); 8 to 1 Merchant Navy; 9 to 1 Why Hurry. The one they all seem frightened of is Persian Gulf. He must be dangerous to whatever aspires to win, not just because of how he ran in the Derby, but because he is in the hands of one of the most learned members of the craft. Captain Boyd-Rochford has lost gallant old Longriggan, upon which my sincere sympathies, for he was a great favourite.

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

Surgical and Nursing Staff at a Royal Naval Hospital

Front row: Surg. Lt. E. Elmes, I.R.C.P., R.N.V.R., Sister I. S. Martin, Surg. Lt. M. G. Low, M.B., Ch.B., R.N.V.R., Sister D. Miller, Surg. Cdr. A. S. Bradlaw, M.B., Ch.B., R.N.V.R., Superintending Sister L. Broadbent, Surg. Lt. R. G. Harcourt, R.N.V.R., Sister M. E. E. Williams, Surg. Lt. S. M. Musgrave, R.N.V.R. Back row: the Misses B. Walmsley, D. Clittle, J. Stockton, C. Somins, K. Holles, V.A.D. Surg. Lt. (A.) R. Allen, R.N.V.R., Misses P. Holman, M. Hall, S. Gayford, G. Taylor, M. Thorne, V.A.D.



D. R. Stuart

Senior Staff Officers of a Group Headquarters

Front row: W/Cdr. J. R. Maling, A.F.C., W/g/O. L. M. R. Turner, W/Cdr. K. J. Goodman, Air Cdre. J. R. Cassidy, G/Capt. R. Reay-Jones, Flt/O. S. M. McCall, W/Cdr. E. G. Bunce-Phillips. Middle row: F/Lt. R. Greville-Heygate, S/Ldr. R. W. Nicholson, W/Cdr. H. P. Johnston, S/O. M. N. Causton, S/Ldr. R. G. B. Cunningham, S/Ldr. C. E. P. Suttle, W/Cdr. J. D. I. Rear. Back row: S/Ldr. C. J. Channing, A.F.C., S/Ldr. J. R. Butler, F/O. W. Stevens



Officers at a Northern Naval Air Establishment



Staff Officers of an O.T.U. Somewhere in England

Front row: F/Lt. F. G. T. Belcham, F/O. J. C. Aldis, S/Ldr. L. E. F. Pearce, S/Ldr. F. G. B. Reynolds, S/Ldr. J. B. Murphy, S/Ldr. H. E. Wood, W/Cdr. N. W. Wakelin, G/Capt. R. T. Taaffe, Commanding Officer, W/Cdr. H. G. Cattell (Chief Instructor), Lt.-Col. S. Astle, F/Lt. A. R. Cottle, S/Ldr. H. A. Morrison, S/Ldr. R. E. Fearn, S/Ldr. A. W. T. Hills, S/Ldr. P. W. G. Lester. Middle row: P/O. O. G. Jarman, P/O. A. J. Dowty, F/Lt. M. J. Higgins, F/Lt. F. J. Smith, F/Lt. D. W. Hall, F/O. B. A. Thompson, F/Lt. R. D. King-Scott, F/O. F. J. Grimes, W/Cdr. J. Thomas, F/Lt. S. W. P. Pooles, P/O. H. A. Oxley, P/O. S. L. Allen, F/O. A. L. Gates, F/Lt. C. J. Perkins, F/O. G. R. Sharp, F/Lt. C. C. A. Daniel. Back row: P/O. C. F. Guest, P/O. N. M. Bode, P/O. J. Bell, F/O. M. Kingston, P/O. K. J. Day, F/Lt. F. Gray, P/O. I. A. Woodward



A Battalion of The Royal Warwickshire Regiment

J. Haddon

Right, front row: Capt. P. R. B. Glover, Capt. A. C. Gibson, Capt. J. L. Willans, Capt. A. A. P. Hunt. The Colonel of the Regiment, T/Major J. E. S. Young, T/Major J. H. Faulkner, Capt. P. B. Clarke, Capt. W. G. Redley. Middle row: 2nd Lt. Raffles, Lt. G. I. A. Taylor, Capt. R. E. Haddon, R.A.M.C., Capt. E. H. Hunter (C.F.), Lt. F. M. N. Yates, Capt. A. C. Gilbert, Capt. H. A. Thompson, Lt. T. F. Wheeler, Lt. A. C. S. Allen, Capt. A. K. Knox. Back row: Lt. J. H. Hyde, 2nd Lt. C. Drake, 2nd Lt. C. B. J. Vulliamy, and Lt. Godby, Lt. T. B. Hutton, Lt. D. O. Hogg, Lt. E. S. Walker, and Lt. E. S. Hardiman, Lt. R. A. Bromwich, Lt. R. H. F. Scott

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

"First Novel"

RIGHT away in the country, out of reach of the new books, and not yet reached by any of them, I have celebrated a week of summer and holiday by roving round the shelves of my own library and re-making the acquaintance of old friends. There is something timeless-looking about these rows of book-backs: sunshine coming in through the big windows has faded reds, blues and greens to a monotone—oddly enough, it is the old calf bindings (some of them left the booksellers nearly 200 years ago) that show their age least. Which made me ask myself, is this an appearance only? Or, can it be that some of our oldest books remain, everlastingly, up-to-date?

Perhaps it was this question that sent me to *Pamela*. Reviewers, unless they are very set in their ways, are generally interested by a first novel—they like to discover "promise." Now, *Pamela* is not only a first novel—work of Samuel Richardson, London bookseller, of the respectable age of about fifty—it is the first novel: that is to say, the first English novel, in the sense in which we think of the novel now. First published in 1740, *Pamela* (with the subtitle *Virtue Rewarded*) fell into four volumes. The first two, one might say, depict the Virtue, the second two, the Reward. . . . I must say that my own edition of *Pamela* is not the first (which would be worth its weight in gold) or even a nearly subsequent one: I possess—and should advise you to seek—the novel in the excellent Everyman's Library, in which it is No. 683, reduced to two volumes, each volume at 3s. 6d.

What does this first of all English first novels promise, both for the art of Richardson (who was to follow it with *Clarissa Harlowe*, in 1748, and *The History of Sir Charles Grandison*, in 1754) and for the English novel in general? Samuel Richardson, whether or not he knew it, was making a big experiment. For the first time in the history of storytelling he was setting out to convince, not just to amaze. He was sitting down to present a life-like picture of life, from which the unlikely must be altogether omitted. His story, in the long run, would stand or fall by whether it was believable. He dealt, it is true, with passions—passion must spin the plot—but the characters belonged to the recognised social order, and the plot must be set in strictly familiar scenes: the contemporary English countryside and just such eighteenth-century houses as those in which readers lived. He was interested—and was out to interest his readers—in how different people behaved, and why, rather than in what happened to happen to them, more or less by chance. He showed men and women as making their own destinies. You may say that all this had already been done by Shakespeare. Yes—but in prose fiction it had never been done before.

The Minx and the Rake

A THOROUGHLY moral man in his private life (he had been the good apprentice who married his master's daughter, he had had many children, and he had enjoyed, since boyhood, blameless friendships with a number of young ladies who asked his advice during love-affairs), Richardson was a moralist as a writer. Or, strictly, one should say that he thought he was. Actually, to the modern eye, the morality is *Pamela's* dubious part. The true moralist paints virtue as being admirable for its own sake; the second-rate moralist suggests that virtue ought to be sought because virtue pays—and the Samuel Richardson who wrote *Pamela* belonged, I am sorry to say, to this second, or salesman, class. To be fair to him, he moved out of it: in the succeeding *Clarissa* he shows a heroine consistently virtuous, but unfortunate to the end. So, while *Pamela* (skipped discreetly) is a rattling good story, *Clarissa* is sometimes majestic—it made me weep.

Who is *Pamela*, in what way is she virtuous, and how is her virtue rewarded? She is—at the start of her story—a pretty little serving-maid of fifteen; in fact, by a series of chaste but luscious touches, Richardson intimates that *Pamela* is a peach. She is the daughter of poor, aged and honest parents, with whom she unceasingly corresponds. (The novel, throughout, is in letter-form; *Pamela*, dutiful girl, writes everything home, even when her adventures are of a nature to raise the white hairs on those honest heads.) The story starts with the death of the good, rich lady who had



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Deputy for Sir Henry Wood

Mr. Basil Cameron is conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra during the present season of Promenade Concerts at the Albert Hall in the absence of Sir Henry Wood, who was taken ill shortly after the first performance last month. Mr. Cameron has worked regularly with the Royal Philharmonic Society since 1928, and early in July conducted the first performance of Eugene Goossens's *First Symphony* in this country.

treated her little maid as, almost, her own child—hence *Pamela's* excellent education. *Pamela*, her protectress gone, is left at the doubtful mercy of the son of the house, "Mr. B.," who, she finds, has had his eye on her for some time.

Mr. B.'s ideas in the matter were those of his day, but by the ideas of any day he could

not fail to be found a boor, a bore and a brute. *Pamela's* virtue consists in her rebuffing his dishonourable advances, and her reward consists in her gladly marrying him. From the very moment of the betrothal she appears to regard him as wholly admirable. Knowing all that we know, by now, about Mr. B., we cannot praise her adaptability—though, clearly, Richardson means us to. Letting bygones be bygones is, of course, one thing. But have we not grown accustomed to think of *Pamela* as, above all, a very idealistic girl? And really, by the most indulgent standards, Mr. B.—who has lied, bribed, abducted, eavesdropped, cheated and resorted to extremes of physical cruelty throughout his lengthy pursuit of *Pamela*—is not a promising person with whom to set up in life. This is where the dubious morality comes in—and few but Richardson remained blind to it. *Pamela's* complete volte-face is only credible if we are content to regard her as a designing ruddy. Minx she certainly was.

The second half of the book is "*Pamela Married*"—and in this half (I think only) one may be excused for skipping. The marriage—with one brief break, when Mr. B., during a London season, becomes

(Concluded on page 120)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I ALWAYS consider that one of the nicest periods of the day lies

between finishing your early morning cup of tea and having to get up. In my case, twenty minutes of a delicious dream life before the newspaper, letters and wartime sausages bring me bang up against reality. The other morning I could have prolonged the period almost indefinitely and still have kept myself interested and amused. In imagination I ranged all the people with whom I had been desperately in love around my bed and had a good look at them from a critical angle. They were a queer assortment! I included both schoolboy infatuations as well as more mature despairs. And, of course, I assembled them as they then were—not as perhaps they are to-day. Otherwise, I might have had to bury my head under the bed-clothes. (There are few instances in life which cause greater inner-wonderment than to meet years later someone who for a period constituted the all-in-all.) There they stood in a row around my bed, and I regarded them almost superciliously. A waste of time, you may say. Not at all! I learned quite a lot about myself during that twenty minutes, and shaved myself eventually a wiser man, though no less in danger of being silly again should the occasion arise.

Standing there in front of me, albeit only in memory, I studied these "shades" to discover whether in each and all of them I could trace some characteristic which in the past proved fatal to my peace of mind. It was rather a shock,

therefore, to realise that only one among the number possessed the least intellectual appeal. The rest were well-made, and delightful company—if life consisted merely in gadding about here and there. On which supposition, I suppose, most people get married. Which certainly makes you think, doesn't it? "Delightful company" wears so thin when the delight is no longer a novelty and the company is exclusive too long. And well-made forms grow too fat or too thin if you give them time. What remains, therefore (unless peradventure the minds are perfectly attuned), but, at best, the same devotion which one gives to the cosiest easy chair?

The most disturbing thing about thus passing in review one's past loves is the inner thankfulness which prevails that fate didn't lead you into marrying any of them. Think what the schoolgirl would wake up with had she become the wife of the first man who really made her heart desperately flutter? Or what you, yourself, might discover lying beside you, had the love affair of the early twenties reached an ecclesiastical blessing? It is comforting to realise that it does not much matter who shares your bed after a time providing he, or she, can be guaranteed to wake up sweet-tempered, hasn't cold feet by nature, and doesn't snore! The thought simplifies the restless emotional spirit considerably. Time possesses the secret of ironing-out most of life's angles. Either that, or it blunts them until they cease to hurt.

**Osborne-Smith — Waller**

Major R. E. Osborne-Smith, son of the late Lt.-Col. E. Osborne-Smith, and the late Mrs. Osborne-Smith, married Barbara Ailsa Waller, widow of Lt.-Col. R. C. B. Waller, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Graham, of Wolverhampton, at Marylebone Town Hall

**Page — Speke**

Major John Pemberton Page, Canadian Army, son of Major F. P. and the late Mrs. Page, of Toronto, married Joan Margaret Speke, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, widow of the late Major W. Speke and daughter of the late Lt.-Gen. Sir H. Cooke, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

**Leggett — Bailey**

Capt. P. F. R. Leggett, Royal Tank Regiment, only son of Major and Mrs. R. G. Leggett, of 12, Ashley Avenue, Epsom, married Joan Hamilton Bailey, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bailey, of Meadowcroft West Hill Avenue, Epsom, at Epsom Parish Church

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings

**Isaacson — Williamson**

Lt. J. M. Isaacson, R.N., only son of Lt. J. M. Isaacson, and Mrs. Isaacson, of 34, Elmwood Avenue, Belfast, married Jane Williamson, only daughter of the late Mr. R. L. Williamson, and of Mrs. Williamson, of 83, Vicarage Court, at St. Saviour's, Wallon Street

**Thomas — Gresham**

Mr. Ambler Reginald Thomas, the Colonial Office, son of the late Mr. Thomas, and of Mrs. J. F. I. Thomas, married Diana Beresford Gresham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Gresham, of 22, Harrington Gdns., at Holy Trinity, Brompton

**Richardson, Worcester****Wallace — Best**

Major Richard P. Wallace, Royal Scots Fusiliers, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. O. Wallace, of Dublin, married Daphne Lilian Best, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Best, of Langherne-fields, Lower Broadcath, Worcester, at Worcester Cathedral

**Gainsford — Barrington-Kennett**

Capt. A. P. Gainsford, R.A.S.C., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Gainsford, of Looe, Cornwall, married Jean V. Barrington-Kennett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Barrington-Kennett, of Wolcott, Guildford, at Holy Trinity Cathedral Church, Guildford

**Barnett — Rich**

Mr. Roger Lambert Barnett, second son of the late Major W. Barnett, and of Mrs. Barnett, of Lincoln Hill, Hums-haugh, married Evelyn Dorothy Rich, only daughter of the late Capt. H. Rich and Mrs. Rich, of Handley Cross, Hillmorton, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy

**Mills — Todd**

Major Robert G. F. Mills, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Mills, of the Dover House, North Cray, Kent, married Josephine Mary Todd, only daughter of Major and Mrs. A. J. K. Todd, of Yateley Lodge, Hants., at St. Peter's Church, Yateley

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 105)

Owners, Riders and Trainers

THE amateur riders were well represented by Capt. Tom Hanbury, Capt. John Hislop, who still renders assistance to Tom Masson, "Rip" Bissell and Major "Jakie" Astor, the latter in conference with Mr. Herbert Smyth. Others seen were Mr. Fred Withington, who has been a Steward of the National Hunt for a long time and is immensely popular; Mrs. Lavington; Mrs. Gardner, up for the week-end from Six Mile Bottom, and talking to Sir Anthony Weldon and Lord Delamere; Mrs. Diana Smyley; Mr. Hewitt, who has a stud farm in America, and runs his horses over there, talking to Mr. "Attie" Perse; Miss Diana Barnato, who snatches a day's racing when her A.T.A. duties permit; Lord Fitzwilliam, discussing matters with Lord Willoughby de Broke; Mr. Malcolm McAlpine, Capt. and Mrs. Roger Mostyn, Lady Jane Nelson, Lady Jean Christie and Mr. and Mrs. Dare Wigan.

Interval for Lunch

SOCIAL life in London continues to be at its peak at lunchtime, and the racing world was well represented the day after the bloodstock sales at Newmarket. Lord Fitzwilliam, on whose behalf the Hon. George Lambton bought a very attractive filly by Lord Rosebery's Derby winner, Blue Peter out of Solfatara, was lunching with another keen racegoer, Major Dick Warden, who used to train in France before the war. Lord and Lady Bicester, whose good 'chasers used to be trained by George Beeby at Compton, and Mr. Jack Joel, who is having great luck this season, were others.

The Hyde Park Grillroom saw another bevy of racing people. Lord Herbert, who is serving as a wireless operator in the Navy and whose father, Lord Pembroke, has done so much to make racing at Salisbury possible during the war, was lunching there with Lady Herbert, who is Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Kent. Another party included Lady Lambert, who breeds some very good horses at her lovely place, Beauparc, in Meath; Colonel Percy Herbert, who trained Prince Palatine when he won the Leger and two Ascot Gold Cups; and Lord Bellew, whose brother, the Hon. Brian Bellew, won the Conyngham Cup on Minden Rose in the days when the British Army was in Ireland. General Sir Hubert Gough, who started the Irish Club for the use of Irish Servicemen and women, was also there and looking very cheerful.

Quiet Wedding

THE marriage of Lady Marian Cameron to Captain Jack Bridges was a quiet, registry-office affair, followed by an informal reception at 20, Curzon Street, so that friends and relations had an opportunity of wishing them both good luck. Lady Marian received the guests with her groom. Her mother, the Dowager Lady Huntingdon, was there with her two sisters, Lady Kilmorey and Lady Kathleen Curzon-Hernick, one from Ireland and the other from Scotland, and her brother, Lord Huntingdon, who proposed the health of the newly-wed couple. The bridegroom replied by saying that if he said "Thank you" he thought that would suffice! His daughter, Miss Bridges, was present, and among the others whom I saw were Mary, Lady Howe, an early-comer, as were Mrs. James Forbes and Mrs. Jack Nation; Lady Ormonde, Kathleen, Lady Drogheda, the Hon. Oscar Guest, Mr. Shane Leslie, in H.G. uniform as always; Lady Cynthia Slessor, Sir Reginald and Lady Clarry, Lady Aberconway, and Mrs. Robert Grimston and her sister, Miss Rosie Newman.



Christening in Cheshire

The grandson of Sir Francis and Lady Joseph was christened David Peter Francis by the Bishop of Chester at St. Mary's Church, Alsager. Miss Cynthia Joseph, W.R.N.S., Capt. P. Birley, R.A., Dr. D. H. Crick (Bishop of Chester), Mrs. Birley with David Peter Francis, Lady Joseph and Sir Francis Joseph were photographed leaving the church after the ceremony.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 118)

mixed up with a Society enchantress—is an unqualified success. With Mr. B.'s relations, with the country neighbours and in London, Pamela wins all hearts. Not only do children multiply, but she, in conjunction with Mr. B., sets out to write a treatise on her young's education. But "Pamela Married" contains, among certain reaches of dullness, one or two really brilliant and touching scenes—Pamela's intercession with Mr. B., during the worst phases of the enchantress period, and her interview (very simply dressed in white-muslin) with the lady herself.

So summarised, the whole novel may sound absurd. But in spite of its few absurdities it is fascinating. Richardson, pioneer novelist, could command that essential for every novelist—the power to *interest*. He knew how to bring his characters so near up that, even to-day, they seem to move and breathe. While we quarrel with Richardson's view of his people, we accept the reality of the people themselves: it is simply that we see through them while he does not. To quarrel with a novelist about his characters is really, though we may not know it, a tribute to what has been his consummate art. Richardson was, in spite of himself, an artist—too much of *Pamela* happens indoors, for the gardens and glimpses of English Midland landscape that he does allow us are delicious. He shows feminine love of detail in dress and furnishings, and a highly romantic susceptibility to the atmosphere of a place. Minor characters—at least in the first half of the novel—are extremely successful; there is the sympathetic, adoring curate, the cosy old housekeeper in one country house, the sinister housekeeper in another. . . . *Pamela* set a great ball rolling. If only by its unrealised possibilities it showed what the novel could do, might be. What matter if some of its values seem false now? Its realities stand the test of time.



Life at Sixteen

Mr. Denton Welch's first book, "Maiden Voyage," recently published by Routledge, was reviewed by Miss Elizabeth Bowen in an earlier issue. It tells of the author's adventures when, at the age of sixteen, he left Repton and went out to Shanghai to join his father there.

More Dangerous Villain

POOR one-idea-ed Mr. B., with his lack of charm, would not get very far to-day. But Willoughby, of *Sense and Sensibility*—amusing, sympathetic, adaptable, and with such charming manners about the house—could be a menace still. He comes, it is true, a good deal later in time, and Jane Austen's world is more like our own than Richardson's. Also, Jane Austen's judgment of character is of an acuteness that remains ahead of our own—therefore, comfortably, we call it "modern." She would not have been so much interested in showing just exactly at what point Willoughby got off, if she had not, before that, been interested in showing how attractive he could be.

Sense and Sensibility (which I have in the attractive Oxford Press edition; 5s.) was begun by Jane Austen in 1797, recast and finished at some intermediate period, and published in 1811. If not the most nearly faultless, I find it, after *Emma*, the most purely enjoyable of her novels—and I ask myself why it is so much less often read and talked of than *Pride and Prejudice*. Charming, vague Mrs. Dashwood, taking her three young daughters, after her husband's death, to settle in the Devonshire cottage in the grounds of her relatives, Sir John and Lady Middleton, seems to me a most promising subject. "Sir John was a sportsman, Lady Middleton a mother"—here we have the Barton Park couple summed up. Sir John—a kindly soul with time on his hands—is constantly dropping in at the cottage, and loves to gather round his hospitable table beves of young ladies, with no young men; while Lady Middleton tolerates any guest who makes much of her exceedingly spoiled children. Unchanging aspects of English country-house life are painted here, with a laughing brilliance that must delight one. Jane Austen has likes and dislikes, but she is fair.

No Villain Here.

FROM naïve, bourgeois London Richardson to Turgenev, the cosmopolitan, aristocratic Russian, seems a far cry. *Liza* (alternatively titled *A House of Gentlefolk*) is one of the loveliest of the Turgenev novels—I have just re-read it for the fourth time. The W. Ralston English translation (again in Everyman's Library) is good. Here we have the leisurely, graceful lives of the mid-nineteenth century Russian gentry, set in country estates and in country towns. Here is a story with no villain; its hero remains the victim of an early mistake. Lavretsky, at thirty-five, returns to take up life at his country house—he wants to catch up with the wasted years, when he was being dragged by his wife round fashionable spas. Believing his wife dead, he allows himself to declare his love for his young relative, Liza—and she returns it. Then, without warning, Lavretsky's wife, who had betrayed him, returns. . . . Those who saw his play, *A Month in the Country*, will remember how exquisitely Turgenev renders a quiet scene.

A matter of observation

There are two ways of weighing up the amount of comfort, quality and stamina a tailor puts into the uniforms he makes. One way is to live in one of them for twelve months. But it is quicker and safer to judge by the experience of your fellow officers—many of whom, you will find, are in Austin Reed uniforms.

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Whatever kind of car you wanted, there was one to meet your needs. With Victory achieved, their principal objective will be the creation of still finer cars.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

The very successful career of the Rima models cannot fail to be increased by their autumn collection. The name and address of the nearest retailer can be obtained from Rima, 25, Bruton Street. A particularly desirable tailored suit is illustrated on the right on this page. It must be carefully studied in order that arrangement of the check is realised; there is a coat to complete the scheme. A fetish is made of attention to simple lines of the classic character in everything sponsored by this firm. They are using gabardine for many of the tailored suits, some being arranged with waistcoat effects with pleats below. Shirt sleeves are very effective, and so are neat turn-over collars. High yokes are looked on with favour. Rima models are excellent investments for coupons.



Everyone must make a point of visiting Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, during the ensuing weeks, as they are specialising in the new three-quarter-length Rodex coats. They are carried out in tweeds, cheviots and fine fabric cloth. It is of the former the one pictured on the left is made. As will be seen it falls in graceful folds and is of a non-committal character; it may be worn over a dress or suit, and is light and warm. The collar is worthy of careful study. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that in the near future the number will be limited. Naturally, this firm are showing fitted coats, some being double-breasted with practical fitted collars. The needs of the women who are not so slender as they would like to be have been carefully considered. Furthermore, there are many attractions for personal shoppers.



MELODY

There is a place for Melody in the medley of our wartime lives. And there is a place for Gala, too. For in Gala—a gay and vivid lipstick—there is a harmony of rich colour, creamy texture and permanence in wear.

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Quality



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Will Save your Fuel and Underwear!
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And then, because a cool iron's best,
You save heat, too, when it is pressed.



SAVE HEAT TO SAVE FUEL!

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE head of the house approached the young man.

"Look here, young fellow," he said, "you have been calling here to see my daughter for a good long time now. May I ask what are your intentions?"

"Well, sir," said the suitor, "I had hoped to become an addition to your family."

"Let me tell you," was the reply, "there's nothing doing in addition, young man. You'll have to subtract."

TIGERS had been ravaging a village, and the terror-stricken natives sent for the nearest white man to assist them.

This man was a crack shot, and had never been known to miss. His method was to tie a goat to the foot of a tree at dusk, climb the tree, and when the tigers came for the goat, fire at the flash of their eyes. In the morning they would be found dead, shot straight between the eyes.

He followed his usual procedure the first night, but although he fired several shots, when the day dawned the goat had gone and there were no dead tigers.

This happened on two succeeding nights. Perturbed, he took a huge torch with him on the fourth night, and instead of firing at the flashing eyes, switched on his torch and saw, to his amazement, six tigers advancing in pairs, each with one eye closed.

THE latest joke going the rounds of Berlin tells of an anti-aircraft soldier in Germany who got a gold medal with this citation:—

"During an R.A.F. raid over Berlin, after having exhausted all his ammunition, he continued to shout 'Boom-boom!' at the top of his lungs, obtaining the same result."



"One is never too old to yearn"

THEY had just returned from the honeymoon, and on the first morning the husband got up early, went down to the kitchen, and brought his wife her breakfast in bed. She was delighted.

Later he said: "Have you noticed every detail on the tray?"

"Of course," she cooed, "every single thing, darling."

"Good," was the reply. "Well, that's how I want my breakfast served every morning after this."

ACCOMPANIED by a negro driver, an American major in a motor vehicle was stopped by the sentry guard at a cross-roads.

"Who goes there?"

"One American major, a one-ton truck fertiliser, and one buck-private."

They were allowed to proceed, but at every cross-roads they went through the same formula.

After a time the driver asked if they were likely to be stopped again.

"I guess so," replied the major.

"Well, major," said the private, "the next time we are stopped would you mind giving me priority over the fertiliser?"

THE barmaid liked a little fun, and when the sergeant went out to buy a paper she pursed her lips invitingly, and leant over the bar towards the young private. Putting her face against his, she whispered: "Now's your chance, dear."

The private looked round the empty room.

"So it is," he said . . . and promptly drank the sergeant's beer.

ONE business executive had called at an office to see a friend of his, and noticed three exceptionally pretty typists in the room.

"I say, old man," he said, "how do you expect to accomplish anything with three good-looking ladies in the place?"

"By giving two of them a day off," replied the other business executive.

A MAN dashed out of the station to board a station bus.

He was half-way across the pavement when he slipped up and slid to the bus, his legs going under the step and his hands and arms above it, just as he might have sat at a table.

The conductor looked down at him and said:—"Turned out nice again, ain't it? Tea or coffee, sir?"

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If you would see a Second Front
Adopt this newer frontage!"

The sooner you ban buttoned vests
And slip-on ones agree to,
The sooner we shall buttonhole
Both Hit and Hirohito!"

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Large family size 3/6
Handy size 2/-
(Inclusive of Tax)

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

French Aero-invention

AVIATION owes so much to French initiative that it can never forget it; but the general public tends to remember France's greatness only when there is special stimulation as there was this year during the celebrations of July 14. Yet in the aeroplanes of the present day there can be traced the hand of French designers who were working five or ten years ago.

If one examines such drawings and photographs as are available of Soviet fighters, for instance, one is immediately struck by the resemblances to some of the high-speed Dewoitines. Our own end-plate fins and rudders (as in the Lancaster, the Halifax and others) can trace their origin, in part at any rate, to those pleasing medium bombers the French were just starting to produce when war broke out. Even the dihedral tail, now used by Martin for several of his flying boats and also seen in the Beaufighter in its latest version, was first noticed in the French design. But it is, perhaps, a part of the French genius to show new ways while it may be a part of the French failing to neglect to develop them. Marvellous creations in aviation and all the arts come from France; but slogging development does not. Being cursed with a two-way mind, and therefore being capable of seeing both sides with almost equal clarity, I can understand exactly why many Frenchmen dislike the English.

International Flying

THEY see the Anglo-Saxon way of life as a drab and dreary monotone of machinery and morals; a dehydrated article with the juices of pleasure and passion all carefully removed. They may not be far wrong. And if they are not far wrong it is small wonder that some of them should hesitate before placing themselves unreservedly within the ambit of influence of the Anglo-Saxons. The Anglo-Saxon answer ought to

be a more convincing show of toleration. This is especially important in aviation. Each country has its own ideas about air lines; how they should be run, what safety regulations should be applied, and what the ground organisation should be.

Before the war it was often said that the Americans were making more rapid progress in commercial aircraft design because their constructors were not bound by such rigid rules as our own. On the other hand it was also pointed out in superior fashion that our aircraft were stronger and better because they conformed to those more rigid rules. May I beg that in the future we avoid that kind of sterile argument? The aim should be to allow the fullest scope for different ideas and different standards. If some country in the Europe of the future wants to run an air line to Britain with aircraft which conform to its own safety standards but not to British, it should be allowed to run that line. In all our deliberations upon the freedom of the air in the future we should remember that the freedom will only be secured if we are ready to accept other people's ideas as having a validity equal (for purposes of international flying) to our own. Freedom of the air will never be realised if we assume that our regulations are the only ones that can be accepted.

Just Jane

ONCE more I have to welcome that aeronautical library-in-little, that accumulation of aircraft information, *Jane's All the World's Aircraft*. This is the 1942 edition and it was published about ten days ago. This work is the companion of all who like to be well informed about aviation and great pains are taken to secure the highest possible accuracy in its compilation. The editor, Mr. Leonard Bridgman, sets out his wartime aim in these words: "Under present conditions *All the World's Aircraft* seeks to maintain its individuality and reputation for accuracy not by any attempt to circumvent official regulations but rather by imposing its own set of rules which aim at recording facts and figures that not only pass official scrutiny, but also give the fullest possible data that can be accepted with reliability."

One particularly good feature of the 1942 Jane is the special contribution by J. M. Spaight with which it opens. A special article in this part of the book has always been a feature; but in the past I have detected some uncertainty about precisely what function this article should perform.

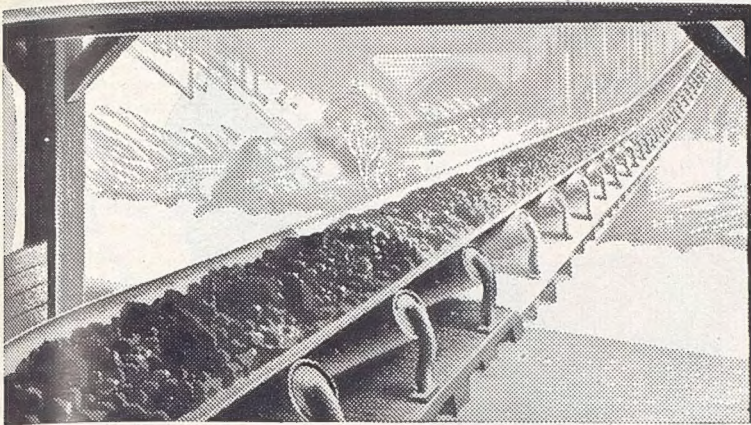
The main body of the work is concerned with information unadorned—or almost unadorned—but this article must discuss and comment. Mr. Spaight has, I think, struck just the right note. He has commented in a manner that is illuminating now, and yet will also be useful ten or twenty years hence for those who turn up their earlier editions. He looks back over past events and assigns them their place as moulders of the future. The air arm, he says, is an indispensable partner in a great joint adventure and "it may prove to be the leading partner."

It is good to see, in this edition, more of the valuable general arrangements drawings. The engine section has been enlarged and contains much matter about United States engines. Someone said of Jane the other day that if one had all the editions from the beginning, one had a ready reference to the whole of aviation history. That is not quite true, for there are aspects which it does not seek to cover; but it is not far from the truth and in any event it was a well-deserved tribute to a great reference work.



Celebrating a Century

The Air-Sea Rescue Squadron of Fighter Command, which has passed its century of rescues from the English Channel and south-east coast waters, was presented with a cheque for £100 by Lt.-Col. Petersen, himself twice saved from drowning by the squadron. W/Cr. R. Wilkinson, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Petersen, and W/Cr. A. Linney are seen at the presentation, which included the gift of a model Walrus to Lt.-Col. Petersen.



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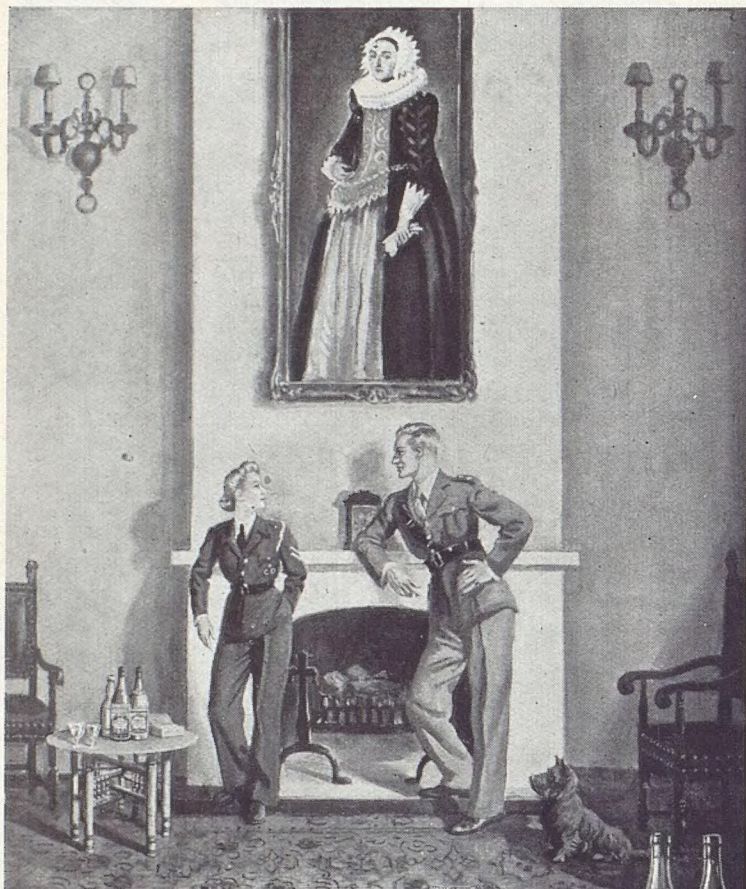


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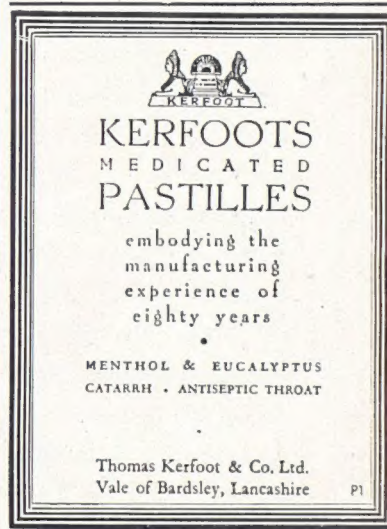


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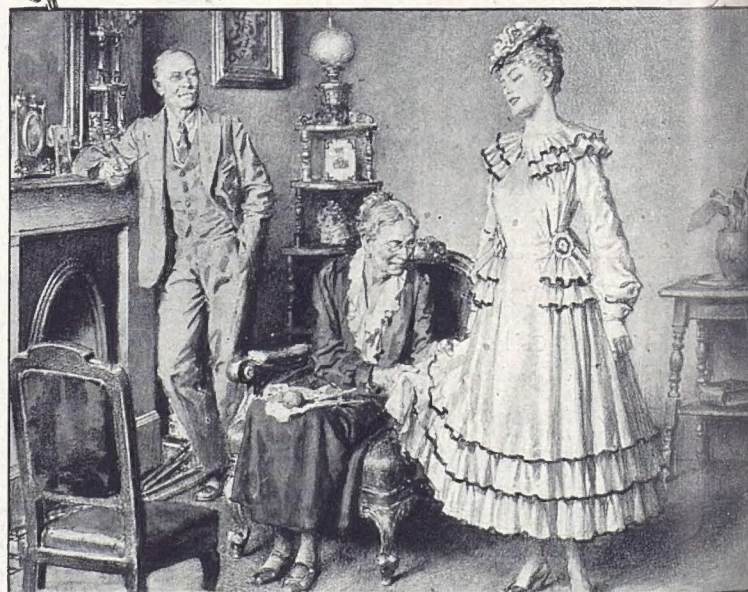
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